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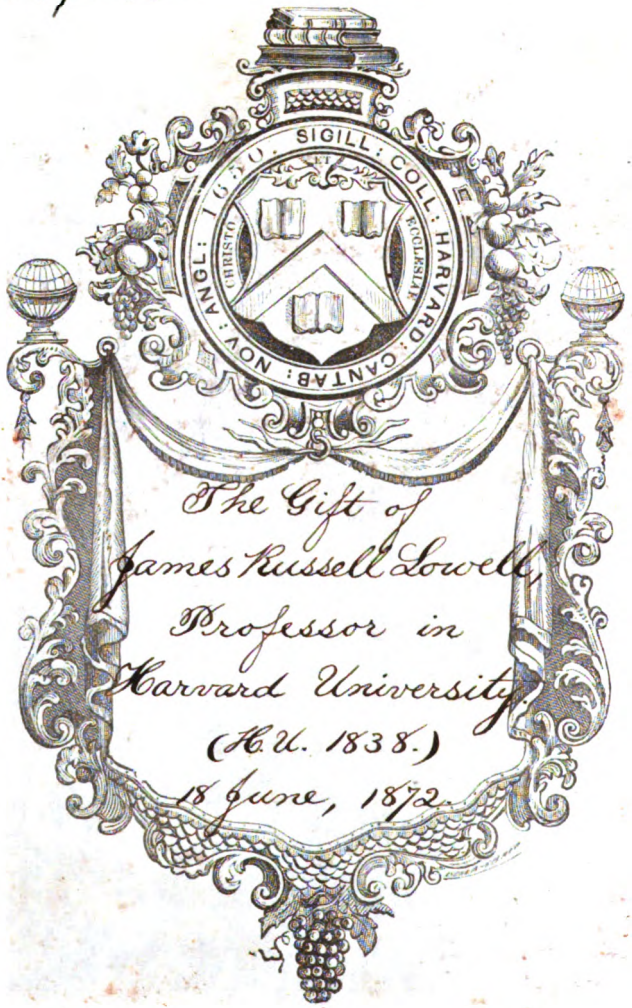

The Gift of
James Russell Lowell,
Professor in
Harvard University
(H.U. 1838.)
18 June, 1872.

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THE

TEMPTATION OF CHRIST.

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THE TEMPTATION OF CHRIST.

A POEM.

by J. Plimsoll, M.D. R.N.
of Plymouth, England.

PLYMOUTH:
W. CANN, PRINTER, 10, DUKE STREET.
1869.

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1872, June 18.
Gift of
James Russell Lowell,
Prof. in Harv. Univ.
(H. U. 1838.)

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THAT he might openly display to Heaven
And Hell, his lofty virtues as a Man,
His perfect loyalty to the Supreme,
His power to resist aud overthrow
Satanic cunning and malevolence,
His steadfastness amidst the fell attempt
Of the arch-enemy of God and man
To lure him from allegiance to his Sire,—
Jesus was led up to the wilderness
By God's omniscient and almighty Spirit,
There to be tempted by the Evil One.
Nor was it solely to submit to proof
The spiritual prowess of Immanuel,
His wisdom, valour, and integrity,
And power to cope with Hell's dread potentate—
Or to enjoy the glory and renown
Of victory in such a desperate
Encounter, as the one awaiting him
In that appalling field of spiritual strife,
Not only that his own perfection should,
Through it, and other terrible ordeals

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Attendant on his temporal career,
Be realized (for heavenly wisdom had
Ordained, that he, through suffering, should
become
Perfect) and that he should himself present
A faultless model to the human race
Of firmness and endurance when assailed
By the seductions of infernal craft—
Was it that Christ submitted to be thus
Assaulted by Satanic subtlety
And power— but that, experimentally,
He might have cognizance in every phase
Of man's inheritance of suffering—
Save that from moral peccability
Arising—that through personal sympathy
With every member of the human race,
He might, thenceforth, identify himself
With them, when acting as their great High
Priest
And prevalent Intercessor in the Heavens,
And the more promptly and effectually
Administer solace and support to them,
In all the troubles of this mortal life,
By pleading with his Sire on man's behalf—
As only those who have themselves endured

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Like sufferings and necessities, can plead.
But see! advancing t'wards the scene of contest,
The two great actors in this fateful fray;
Were ever combatants, like these, beheld
On earth before? Did ever disputants
So lofty and potential thus engage
In direful struggle for the mastery?
Did e'er Earth's bosom offer an arena
For conflict so momentous and sublime?
Were ever forces, so stupendous, marshalled
For battle, in the cause of Good and Evil—
Darkness and Light—Bondage aud Liberty—
Falsehood and Truth—Felicity and Woe—
Salvation and Perdition—Heaven and Hell—
As here, in their respective champions, are
Arrayed, and into dire collision brought?
The mighty combatants have ta'en the field!
Nearer and nearer they approach each other.
In close proximity, at length, they stand,
Encountering earnestly each others gaze—
Each measuring, with subtle mental gauge
The prowess and the tactics of his foe.
But say—what lofty names and offices,
What stations, dignities, and attributes,
Distinguish these unparalleled opponents,

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And gender twixt them dire hostility ?
One is the Son of God—the Lord of Life—
The Wonderful—the Counsellor—the Christ—
The Lamb of God—the Saviour of the World—
Messiah—Prince of Peace—Salvation's Captain--
The other is the God of this World—Prince
Of Darkness—Satan—Hell's dread Potentate—
Prince of the realm and power of the Air—
Progenitor of Sin, and Death, and Woe !
Monarch of many a seen and unseen realm !—
Wielding the sceptre of his baleful might
O'er all the regions of ungodliness,
And to whose kingdom and imperial sway
Unnumbered millions of immortal beings
Allegiance render and base servitude.
O'er Kings, as well as peoples of the globe,
With domination absolute he reigns—
Most of them showing by the promptitude
And zeal, wherewith they execute his will,
And by the obedience they implicitly
And loyally render to his fell behests,
How truly he is their Lord Paramount ;—
That to his Suzerainty they humbly bow ;—
That they are nowise loth to yield themselves,
and realms,

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To his supremacy and tyrannous rule,
But rather proudly own their vassalage,
And prove how worthily they bear the name
And execute the part of Satan's viceroys.
His titles and dominion end not here—
Transcendent, and wide-ruling, though they are—
For broad as is his empire, absolute
His sway, and multitudinous his subjects,
Possession of mere regal power and glory
Is not sufficient to content the vast
Desires of his exorbitant ambition;—
He needs must aim at the preeminence
Of Godhead: he would even dare usurp
The throne of the Almighty, in men's hearts.
Nor have his aspirations proved themselves
Utopian, fruitless, unattainable;
Too well, alas! for human happiness,
Has he succeeded in his daring aims;
Since to his laws and maxims, Adam's race,
Have, in the mass, assented heartily,
And unreservedly conformed their lives;—
E'en with more homage and devotedness,
Unswerving fealty and exact obedience,
Has he been worshipped, magnified, and served,

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From the creation to the present hour,
Than the great God of Heaven and Earth, himself.
Yet, ere the marvellous contest has begun,
Behold how marked the contrast in the mien,
The person, aspect, attitude, and action,
Of these illustrious antagonists !—
These doughty champions of the unseen worlds—
The world above, of glory, life, and bliss ;
The world beneath, of darkness, death, and woe !
The human combatant—Heaven's representative—
Viewed, in regard to stature, countenance,
And bearing, O how unimposing ! how
Devoid of terribleness, and show of might !
The outward aspect and ostensible force
Of the Messiah, not surpassing that
Of any ordinary mortal man.
How gentle, modest, affable, and meek,
In his demeanour is the man Christ Jesus !—
Yet firm in purpose as the heart of God.
How disinclined, by his soul's native bias,
To bellicose designs and hostile deeds ;
And, yet, how self-possessed, how resolute,
How unperturbed, he here displays himself,

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As standing, face to face, with his dire foe,
And his malignant gaze encountering,
He—with his wonted placid countenance—
(And, even then, benignant glance) thereto responding—
Calmly awaits the enemy's attack.—
Just as the Morning Star looks mildly down
Upon the devastating Hurricane,
Whose ravages are testified, on Earth,
By rending of the rocks, uprooted trees,
And demolition of the abodes of men;
Upon the Sea, by vessels foundering there,
And on its shores, by the sad spectacle
Of many a gallant ship there wrecked or stranded—
Unchanged, undimmed, surveying the fell havoc;
Or, as unmoved, it scans the Earthquake's dire
Throes, and beholds it opening its vast jaws,
To take large, populous, and splendid cities,
Or other, and more thinly-peopled tracts,
Into its terrible and capacious maw;—
Or, gazing on Volcanoes, when aroused
From their long slumbers, they belch forth vast floods
Of burning lava on adjacent scenes,

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With like destructiveness to cities, men, and
beasts; —
Just as some inland, mountain-bordered lake,
Whose placid waters are no-wise disturbed,
Or terrified into commotion wild,
By the dark, thunder-teeming cloud that hangs
Suspended over it, and threatens soon
To burst forth and expend its violence
And desolating fury on its waves—
Calmly awaits the outburst of its fury;—
For even should the frowning visitor,
Though hovering closely, execute its threat,
And raise the lake's, till then, unruffled surface,
Into a transient stir and agitation,
No injury, much less destruction, could
Thereby befall that plastic element;—
Serenely, thus, Christ looked upon his foe.
Yet though the Man of Sorrows stands unmoved,
In presence of his mighty enemy,
And contemplates unquailed his towering form,
Dread prowess, and appalling panoply—
How terrible his aspect to all else!
How awe-inspiring his prodigious stature!
His look, how haughty and malevolent!
His glance, how penetrating, fierce and cruel;

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In this colossal personage we view
The very incarnation of Hell's power—
The fit embodiment of infernal hate,
Pride, malice, fury, and impiety.
Created might seems to have reached in him
The culmination of its terribleness.
And yet, despite so many attributes
Of a malignant and repulsive nature,
How stately and majestic is his port!
See how he towers above his weak opponent!
Beholding in the conflict now before us,
Manhood in all its native feebleness—
In all its personal insignificance—
When with angelic frames and strength compared—
Nay, more than this,—humanity reduced,
Through long-continued bodily abstinence,
To absolute prostration of its powers,
And seeming utter incapacity
For combative action—but especially
When the antagonist to be encountered,
And grappled, is so fierce and terrible;
Beholding frail mortality thus waging
A deadly, uncapitulating strife
With the most powerful of created beings;—

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The Head of principalities and powers
In the dark realms of spiritual wickedness;
The mightiest wielder of imperial sway
Throughout the regions of intelligence,
Next to the supreme God of Heaven and Earth;—
Dread Sovereign in the realms of woe,
Despair, perdition, and eternal death,
Wherein he reigns with irresistible might;—
The chivalrous soul is prompted to exclaim—
'How cruelly unmatched the combatants!'
'Disparity e'en greater than was that
Betwixt Goliath and the stripling David;
Or Gideon, with his small, yet valiant band
Of followers—numbering but three hundred men—
And the vast Midianitish host they vanquished!'
How hopeless of success appears the cause
Of the attenuated Son of Man—
The unpretending Man of Nazareth,
When we thus view him entering war's arena—
The embodiment, as 'twere of human frailty,
And modestly inclining, to take up
The gauntlet thrown down by so dread a Power—
Being no less terrible a personage

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Thn the Ruler of the darkness of this world—
The Prince of devils—dread Apollyon—
The Serpent—Roaring Lion—Wicked One—
Abaddon—Lucifer—Leviathan;
Yet there is one who thinks far otherwise;
One who—despite the consciousness of his
Unrivalled personal magnitude and strength,
The awe and terror which they both inspire,
And of his power to vanquish and destroy,
When suffered by high-Heaven to have full
scope—
Has formed a different estimate of this
Antagonist—weak though he seems to be—
And that is the arch-enemy, himself.
Though Satan here appears a moving Citadel,
As he strides to and fro before his foe,—
A towering Fortress crowned with battlements,
Looking defiance and destructiou down
On all subjacent and beleaguering forces;—
Though his own dreadful presence so appalls
The eye of sense, and seems impregnable
To all assaults of angels and of men,
Who have the hardihood to brave his might,
He looks not thus depreciatingly
On his opponent and his cause—not thus regards

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His prowess, skill, and capability
Of martial enterprise and valorous deeds,
Or on his prospects in the coming strife;
He deems not Christ a feeble enemy—
Regards him not as an antagonist
Unworthy of his mettle, puissance,
And wide renown as a belligerent;
But with that keen and penetrating glance
Which looks far down below humanity's surface,
Discerns in his opponent, qualities,
Which make him a most formidable foe,
And duly pondering which, e'en Devils might
Therein find cause for terror and dismay.
He suffered not apparent feebleness
In his antagonist's person, thus to blind
Him to the mighty power lying latent there.
Nor deemed he his meek adversary's cause
So utterly hopeless of triumphant issues,
As others—by imposing outward traits
More swayed, and wont to look on men and things,
With scrutiny less piercing than is his,
And ken less comprehensive—might conclude.
He on himself, looks not so flatteringly,
And with such overweening confidence

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On the resources of his mind and arms,
As to conclude that victory will be certain.
Satan—despite his bold defiant bearing,
Undaunted spirit, passionate love of war,
Strategic, wisdom, unexampled prowess,
Terrific power, and the full consciousness
Of having all these qualities at command—
Together with his *seeming* confidence
Of final and decisive victory—
(Regarded in his general demeanour—)
Betrays, at times, great restlessnes of manner,
Uncertainty of purpose, and a mind
Contrasting strongly by its manifest
Unrest and perturbation, with the calm
And self possessed deportment of his foe;
And as he scans the moral puissance
Of his opponent and more deeply ponders
His mighty power of defending Truth,
His quenchless zeal for the Almighty's glory,
His jealousy for Inspiration's honour,
His spotlessness of moral character,
And claims on man's obedience, faith, and homage,
Misgivings dire are gendered in his breast,
As to the issue of the impending conflict;

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For Satan had been long time cognizant
Of the Messiah's qualities, and ways;—
Had watched him, with profoundest scrutiny,
Throughout his previous temporal career—
E'en from his birth in Bethlehem; had marked
His Parents' flight, with their mysterious charge,
Into the land of Egypt—when himself had stirred
Up Herod's heart the young child to destroy;
But, much to his chagrin, and soul's vexation,
Found that his murderous aims against the Babe,
Were, through that exile, utterly defeated;—
Had been observant of his early childhood,
When sojourning in the land of Ham, and tracked
Him, when with his reputed earthly sire,
And virgin mother, he retraced his steps
Towards his native country, and once more
Became a denizen of Palestine;
Beheld him rising into youth, from youth
To manhood—wondering, most of all, at his
Unspotted purity of heart and life,
And absolute invulnerableness

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To all endeavours made to mar his soul's
Consummate holiness, to make it swerve
From its devoted loyalty to Heaven,
And hinder him from perfectly fulfilling
The covenant-engagements made 'twixt him
And the Almighty, ere the world's foundation,
As the ordained Deliverer of mankind
From the dire curse their sins had merited.
Extensive was his knowledge of Christ's nature,
And it had cost him long, continuous,
And close investigation, to acquire.
That, knowledge, being the much valued fruit
Of arduous research for thirty years,
Had been with care and diligence stowed away
By him in Memory's teeming treasure-house—
Aye vividly present to the mental eye—
Aye near at hand, and easy of access,
In case of having to resort thereto,
In any coming exigency, or
To aid and guide him in a further search
Into the mysteries of Christ's character,
Or regulate, thereby, his plans and actions,
When aiming to ensnare him by his wiles,
Or to surprise, disarm, and overthrow
Him by some fierce, and violent assault.

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Strange training had the human combatant,
In this momentuous struggle, passed through, ere
Appearing thus upon the battle-field—
To settle Heaven and Hell's conflicting claims—
Whereby to fit himself for martial toils,
And for encounter with the mighty foe
With whom he there was destined to contend.
That training was a fast of forty days
And forty nights. Dire were the pangs of hunger
Engendered by that rigorous discipline!
Urgent were appetite's demands for food
Whereby its cravings might be satisfied!
Hell's Monarch, noting this, exulted greatly;—
Thinking—oh! how erroneously—he had therein
Discerned the weak point of his enemy's
Position; its obnoxiousness to storm;
The occupier's inability
To guard, and keep his fastness in possession;
And the facility wherewith it might,
Eventually be carried and demolished;—
That he therein had likewise ascertained
Where was the flaw in his mysterious foe's
Offensive and defensive panoply.

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He, acting in accordance with that thought,
Bent all his power of assault to bear
On this supposed most easily approached—
This frailest of the adversary's bulwarks,
And of his outworks for defending it.
Not that the bodily weakness of the foe,
And mind's depression, from his fast resulting,
Were looked upon by Satan as conditions
Unfitting him for valorous exploits
In such a desperate and eventful warfare;
Or that he deemed his enemy's overthrow
Was thereby rendered certain of achievement.
The confident, though flattering expectations
Which at that moment thrilled his mighty mind,
Had not been thus shortsightedly engendered.
He rather dreads than courts the element
Of human frailty, pain, and poignant sorrow,
In all true servants of the Most High God.
He knows, from long experience in the fields,
Of spiritual conflict with the saints on Earth,
The might and wonder-working agency
Of human littleness and helplessness—
(When prevalent in his antagonists,
And coupled with uprightness, piety,
And loyal service to the King of Kings,—)

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Too well, to base on the ostensibleness
Of mortal weaknesses in God's true saints
The hope of winning easy victories
O'er such, when waging with them spiritual warfare,
And aiming to achieve their overthrow.
In these disqualifying attributes—
As human judgment's verdict would pronounce them—
For doing battle with the mighty Prince
Of Darkness, or his potent officers,
He sees, as 'twere divine omnipotence
Enshrined, to garrison the souls of their
Possessors. And with such resistless power,
Of both a negative and positive kind—
Both for defensive and aggressive warfare
With him, their mightiest, deadliest enemy,
Or any of his delegated agents,
Are such infirmities identified
In *his* view, that where they predominate
He summons into requisition all
His hostile forces, when assailing them—
Deeming such contest well nigh tantamount
To battling with omnipotence itself.
In this, by most men, much scorned state, he sees

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A covering of impenetrable mail
Enveloping its subjects at all points,
And arming them with weapons of such dread
And overwhelmingly-destructive power,
That 'twere a rashness and egregious folly,
Verging on madness, should e'en he, himself,—
With all his dreadful and unrivalled might—
Unrivalled in the scale of finite power—
Challenge their heaven-taught and heaven-strengthened wielders
To combat, and provoke them to unsheathe
Those marvellous weapons, and forthwith attest
By actual conflict with their spiritual foes,
Their trenchant and all-conquering properties.
In the saints' weakness also he beholds
A moveable and indestructible tower
Accompanying its subjects everywhere,
And into which strong bulwark they might run,
Whenever harassed by their enemies—
There refuge take and feel themselves secure
From all the assaults of their most puissant foes.
The consciousness of the vast power of weakness—
A consciousness engendered by a large

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And deep acquaintance with the ways of God,
And aye kept vivid by the retrospect
Of what it had accomplished in his own
Heroic and eventful christian life—
Caused one most famous soldier of the Cross,
In former days,—one signalized as much
By his deep knowledge of eternal things,
And wisdom, as a leader of God's hosts,
As by his heroism in the field
Of moral conflict,—to rejoice in its
Occasional possession, and to crave
That he might realize the property
More constantly, and in a larger measure,—
E'en deeming its possession ample ground
For self-congratulation and for triumph,
Since therein he discovered a rich source
Of spiritual strength and victory in the wars
Of faith—Jehovah's power attaining its
Perfection, and its culminating splendour
In the saint's weakness; hence his exclamation—
'I glory, therefore, in infirmity,
That power from on high might rest on me;
For when most weak, by nature, then am I
Most strong, through heavenly grace—most richly freighted

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With the all-conquering might of Christ my
  Lord!'
Still, in that special form of suffering
Obtaining, then, in Jesus' human nature—
As the result of lengthened abstinence
And poignant craving for material bread—
Satan opined that he had now descried
The joint, as 'twere, of his antagonist's harness,
And hoped, by a well-aimed and vigorous thrust,
Through it, to find a passage for his sword,
Or that a well-directed shaft from his
Dread bow, might likewise pierce that pregnable
  spot,
And, wounding thus some vital organ, bring
The vanquished Saviour prostrate at his feet.
No sooner is the flattering thought conceived
In Satan's mind, and the method of attack
Thereby suggested duly pondered, than,—
Without a moment's needless pause,—'tis put
With bold and daring vigour into action.
'If thou be verily the Son of God,
Command,—since thou dost hunger,—that these
  stones
Be made bread?' Thus did Christ's great enemy
Inaugurate the contest. Knowing, as thou didst,

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O Satan, thine opponent's deity—
Despite the doubt thereof so craftily
Feigned and insinuated in thy speech,
When thus accosting God's eternal Son,—
How couldst thou hope, by tactics such as these,
To conquer his compliance with thy wishes?
We marvel much—redoutable Prince of Darkness—
That one, who in the presence of heaven's Lord
Had dwelt so long, and an eye-witness been
Of the perfections of Divinity,
Should fail, so signally, to realize
Intelligent conception of God's power,
His self-existent, self-sustaining nature,
And the infinitude of His resources—
As this thy bold remonstrance testifies—
Specious, at first sight though it may appear.
Assuming, as in that appeal thou didst,
Christ's Godhead, and thereon projecting thy
Profane assault on his integrity,
His loyalty to Heaven and strict obedience
To the sovereign will and covenant-behests
Of his eternal and almighty Sire,
Thou, therein, virtually hast proclaimed
Thine acquiescence in the fact that he

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Embraces all creation in himself;—
That he, being God, is the great Source of all
Things—be they spiritual or temporal;
All power, all riches, and all aliment
Wherewith to satisfy man's ceaseless wants,
And gladden and perpetuate the being
Of the whole animated universe;
And that through his omnipotence and wisdom,
All living, all inanimate entities,
Have their existence, are upheld, and ruled.
Regarding, then, thy wonderful opponent,
As Procreator and the First Great Cause
Of all good for the body's sustenance,
Couldst thou have so oblivious become
Of Deity's inherent affluence
As e'er to dream that God's incarnate Son,
When called upon by thee to prove his godhead
By making power divine subservient
To the supply of his corporeal wants,
Would (howsoever keen his bodily hunger;
However pressing the demand for food;
E'en though thereby he might be moved to fall
Back on his deity's almighty power
To aid his famishing humanity)
Resort to an expedient such as that

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Thou now exhortest him to have recourse ;—
As e'er to cherish the ignoble thought
That he would verify his boundless might,
And so apply his infinite resources
As the all-potent God of Providence,
As to transmute the Desert's stones to bread,
That thereby the tormenting exigence
Of bodily appetite might be relieved?
This were unworthy his divinity's
Self-comprehending sustenance for all
Created beings—earthly and celestial ;—
A needless fiat to proceed from him
Whose self-contained and infinite supplies
Of alimentary blessings, and whose vast
Munificence of providential bounty
Form the one only fountain of supply
For all the tables of the universe.
The sumptuous banquet and the plain repast
Alike proceed from his beneficent care.
Could not the same almighty Being, who,
In earlier times, commanded even ravens
To minister to Elijah's sustentation,
Not only bread, but likewise savoury viands ;—
Whilst at another and a later period,
And when like him thou tempted hast, in vain,

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He sojourned in inhospitable regions—
From human haunts and sustenance remote—
One of God's angels was dispatched to him
With bread and water—meet to satisfy
His thirst and hunger—and in strength of which
Both life and vigor were for forty days
And forty nights sustained, and he a long
And wearisome journey,—(till at length he
reached
His destination—Horeb—Mount of God)—
Accomplished;—could not that Eternal One
Who thus had cared for and purveyed so well
For one of his prophetic messengers,
Have in like manner, or more sumptuously,
His own corporeal cravings satisfied,
When sojourning, in our nature, here below,
And subjecting himself, so graciously,
And condescendingly, to all its needs—
And, to that end, have given command to ravens,
Or any other of the birds of prey,
To bring to him appropriate aliment;—
Food nourishing, and grateful to the taste;—
Or bidden one of that exalted race
Of beings whose delight 'tis to obey
His mandates—one of the angelic host—

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To spread before him in that sterile waste,
A banquet-table, laden with such viands
As Earth, with all its prodigality
Of catership to the palates of the great,
Had, ne'er before been an eye-witness of—
A festive-board, whose fellow, Heaven alone,
Had furnished, and been privileged to behold?
But was there need that this great Fountain Head
Of sustentation both in Heaven and Earth,
Should have the sublunary appetites
Of that humanity, which it had deigned
To take into alliance with the Godhead,
Regaled by aught external to itself,
When the omnipotent capacity
Of that Divinity which shared with manhood
In the Redeemer's two-fold entity,
Was challenged to relieve its bodily wants?
Need Christ have gone beyond the boundaries
Of his indwelling self-sufficiency,
To furnish plain or sumptuous edibles,
In swift response to the most urgent calls
For food wherewith to appease the bodily hunger
From which his manhood then was suffering?

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Christ is the Bread of Life, both naturally
And spiritually—the Bread of temporal
As truly, as of everlasting life.
He is the Parent Granary of all worlds,
From whose redundant and exhaustless treasures,
All other alimentary magazines
Received originally their supplies
And ever since have had, and ever will
Require to have, their ample stores replenished.
He is Creation's Feeder—opening, day
By day, his universe-embracing hand,
And filling all the hungry with good things—
Completely satisfying the desires
Of every living, want-inheriting being—
Whether the exigencies to be met
Are those of Angels or of mortal men,
Beasts, Birds, and Creeping Things, and Fishes
of the Sea;—
These all wait on him and receive their meat
In season. Need he, then, in whom dwells all
The fulness of the Godhead bodily,
When fated to become a sufferer
From natural hunger, and has but to will
That his own indwelling deity should act
As the purveyor to his bodily wants,

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And instantly those wants would be supplied
By the direct conveyance to the frame
It tenanted, of the craved-for sustenance—
Instead of summoning the needful succour
From his own teeming personality,
Abandon his self-laden nourishment
And look around him for inanimate objects
Whereon to exercise his mighty power,
As God, that by their instant transmutation—
In answer to his mandates—into bread,
His bodily appetite might be relieved?
To bid him do so, were, indeed, e'en more
Insensate than it would be to advise
The owner of vast, overflowing Barns,
Stored with the finest and the fattest wheat,
To utterly ignore the cereal hoards
With which his homestead's precincts are enriched,
And hieing to some neighbouring harvest-field
Whose fruits have recently been gathered in—
Join the poor gleaners congregated there
To eke out an impoverished existence
By gathering a few stray ears of corn—
So that his own and numerous household's wants

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Might thereby adequately be supplied.

Still less can we applaud the strategy
Displayed by thee, as a belligerent
In this unparalleled and portentous contest,—
So heedlessly imperilling, as thou didst,
Thyself, and all thy militant resources.
War's needs demanded not such imminent risk,
Whilst common prudence marked distinctly out
A line of action totally opposed
To what thy reckless daring prompted thee.
Since thou thy wondrous enemy didst assail,
In his divine, as well as human nature,
And frame, thereby, thy method of attack;
Didst dare to challenge him to personal combat;
Not as a mortal, but as one arrayed
In the perfections of Divinity,
And offer battle to him on the ground
Of his declared equality with God;—
Since thou insanely and presumptuously
Didst dare contend—(being but thyself a creature
With all thy majesty and dreadful power—
The mightiest offspring of Jehovah's hands,
It may be, yet a finite being still)—
With the capacities of Immanuel—

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E'en with the peerless attributes of him,
Who in his complex and mysterious nature
Of deity enshrined in human flesh,
Is the ostensible embodiment
Of the invisible and supreme God;—
With one, therefore, in virtue of that union
In him, of manhood with divinity,
Possessed of boundless wisdom, matchless power,
As well as frailties common to our race—
How couldst thou, with such fearful odds against thee,
Dream of success and of victorious issues,
When waging such a supernatural warfare;
How hope that hellish subtlety—despite
Its awful depths and vast achievements—would
E'er triumph o'er Immanuel's omniscience,
And make both it and his almighty power,
Surrender to thy will and purposes?
The immaculate Being whom thou hast provoked
To mortal strife, was One thou knewest well
Not only to be God's co-equal Son—
(And on the ground of his divinity,
Placed utterly beyond the boundaries
Of possible defeat and overthrow)

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But at the same time marvellously endowed
With two distinct, and totally opposite natures—
Divinity with humanity conjoined—
And, therefore, having in him qualities,
Which, whilst they, on the one hand, rendered him
Thy mightiest and invincible enemy,
Yet, on the other, placed they him within
The limits of thine evil machinations—
Thy soul-assailing tendencies and powers,
And having thus been made accessible
To the influence of thy seductive wiles,
He, liable to yield to, yet possessed
Of power to resist and vanquish them,
Was in that other and subordinate nature,
Presented to thee as a foe, on whom
Thine hostile aims and powers might have full scope,
And triumph over that mysterious One,
Be made a possible occurrence,
Instead of being, of necessity,
Both from the very nature of the contest,
And the unmatched prowess of the combatants—
As in the former case—impossible.
Yet whilst the choice was thus afforded thee

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Of either of two opposite opponents—
In one and the same person both existing—
A choice that on the one hand made success
A practicable though unlikely feat,
But on the other made all hope of conuqest
In such contention vain, and its attempt
Disastrous, and with ignominy rife,
Thou, with a strange infatuation, didst
Incite thine enemy to contend with thee
In the transcendent and diviner phase
Of his inscrutable and complex being,
And to have singled out, as combatants,
With whom to wage so dread a moral warfare,
Those attributes of his supernal nature,
Which, wielded in antagonism 'gainst
The creature who should dare encounter them,
His ruin must inevitably seal.
Hadst thou assailed him in his human nature,
And given battle to him on the ground—
And on that only—that in all respects,
In body, soul, and spirit, he was man—
Framing thereby thy method of attack—
Then hadst thou realized some little chance—
Unpromising and slender though it were—
Of thine eventual triumph being brought

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Within the limits of the possible.
Dim as thy prospects, even then, had been
Of ultimate success and victory,
Yet in contending with thy foe, as Man,
And in his Manhood, only, daring him
To combat—therewith measuring thy skill,
And power, and bringing all the terrible
Resources of the supernatural realms
To bear upon his frail humanity,
The contest had not, at its very outset,
Appeared so hopeless and preposterous;
And even though not crowned with final
triumph,
On thy side, yet, would, by the prudence that
Dictated it, have been less damaging
To thy repute for wisdom and astuteness.
Intelligence is filled with wonder, that
A being so sagacious and far-seeing,
And one, whose destiny had testified
For ages, in so terrible a degree,
The crushing power of Heaven's hostility,
Should have so stultified his mighty mind,
By singling out Divinity for a foe,
When Human Nature, in its loftiest form,
Stood ready to dispute his championship,

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And prove its right to do so, by the issues
Of War's austere, yet final arbitration.
Was it, dread Power, that thine unbounded hate
And malice 'gainst the spotless Son of God,
Made thee so eager to engage with him
In personal conflict, as to make thee wholly
Regardless of the issue of thy plans
And hostile movements, and thus urge thee on
To deeds so desperate and replete with folly—
So manifestly fatal to thine aims—
That their solution can alone be found
In the conjecture that thine intellect—
Distinguished, in its normal state, as 'tis
By marvellous acuteness of perception,
And fruitfulness in subtlest strategy,
Had, in that ill-starred moment, realized
Maniacal disorder of its powers,
In an especially malignant form—
Being tempest-tossed, and driven hither and thither,
In a rudder-less and compass-less condition,
On the tumultuous sea of hellish passion!
Utter destruction must have been thy fate,
Had Christ's divinity accepted thy bold challenge,

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And met thee as a combatant in this
Crusade! But thou art in existence still!
Heaven was more kind and merciful to thee
Than thou wast to thyself, and suffered thee not
To reap the merited fruits of thine insane
Defiance of omnipotent power and wisdom.
For though thou didst thus recklessly provoke
Christ to encounter and contend with thee
In his celestial and omnipotent nature,
Yet deigned he not to wield his power divine
Against thee, or to call in requisition,
For the supply of his terrestrial wants,
His infinite resources as Earth's God—
The Maker and Sustainer of all things—
But met thee absolutely as a Man,
And in that character contended with,
And utterly defeated thy designs.
For thee, therefore, and for thy weal and safety,
Well was it that thy choice of combatants
Was not permitted by all-gracious Heaven;
Well was it for thee that the fatal weapon
Thus aimed insanely at thine own existence,
Was by thine adversary promptly snatched
Out of thy bold and suicidal hands!

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'If thou be verily the Son of God,
Command that these stones be, at once, made bread.'
How parried the Redeemer this first stroke
Of his infuriate and presumptuous foe?
'Man shall not live by bread alone, but rather,
By every word proceeding from God's mouth.
My hunger is a voluntary one—
Since 'tis a needful part of the great work
Of man's redemption by me underta'en;
And were I willing that my hunger-throes
Should be assuaged, and my corporeal wants
Be satisfied by means miraculous,
As thou suggestest, 'twould defeat my aims,
As the Friend of Sinners, both as appertains
To what devolves on me whilst here on earth,
And likewise my ulterior offices,
As Mediator betwixt God and man,
When man's redemption is a finished work,
And when in the celestial world I stand
Before the throne of my omnipotent Sire,
In my capacity as man's High Priest,
And all-prevailing Intercessor there.
From observation of the past thou knowst
Full well, how large and prominent a part

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In the world's suffering, hunger has performed ;
And seeing—as my knowledge of events
To be evolved hereafter from Time's womb,
Enables me—that hunger ever will
Compose a large ingredient in the cup
Of mortal wretchedness—since poverty
Will aye be prevalent in this fallen world—
And that no small amount of human woe
'Mongst Earth's inhabitants will arise from want
Of bread that perisheth, I now undertake
To pass through the ordeal of that want,
And of the suffering which that want begets,
By personal experience of the pangs
Of hunger, that when acting in the realms
Above as the Day's Man and Advocate
With the Almighty in behalf of His
Impoverished and famished ones, on earth,
I, by identity of lot with theirs,
When in their nature sojourning below,
As their Sin-bearer and Deliverer,
Might, by my vivid reminiscences
Of personal sufferings kindred with their own,
Have fellow-feeling with such sons of want,
And thus regard more sympathizingly
Their pangs ;—more readily incline mine ear

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To their petitions ;—plead with greater earnestness
Their cause, and hasten to deliver them
From their distresses, and supply their needs.
To satisfy my own terrestrial wants,
I exercise not my almighty power ;
Yet ne'er will hesitate to put it forth
In suffering humanity's behalf,
Whene'er desiderated by man's wants,
During my sublunary pilgrimage.
Nor wilt thou hence lack opportunity
Of witnessing, and pondering such displays
Of my transmuting and creative power—
As thou wouldst have me now exemplify—
Which fully will authenticate my Sonship
To Heaven's eternal and omnipotent Lord,
And furnish thee with proofs of my own Godhead,
And with credentials of my embassy
To this degenerate and perishing world,
More unambiguous and demonstrative
Than will be pleasing to thine envious spirit.'

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Book the Second.

THEN in defiance of all precedent;
All laws of intellectual warfare; all
Conditions and observances, enjoined
For so conducting spiritual contention,
That no disparity in personal traits,
Or physical force and prowess, in the actors,
Might influence the issue of the conflict,
By giving undue vantage to the stronger,
Or damaging the weaker party's cause;
But that the combatants on either side
Might for the mastery lawfully contend,
By keeping in subjection bodily might,
And holding the foe's person and the meeds
Of well-contested and triumphant strife,
Inviolably sacred and secure;—
Thus heedless of conventional rules to keep
In due restraint those baser impulses
(Prompted by consciousness of physical power
Transcending that of an antagonist's)
To summon the corporeal attributes

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Into the arena of the battle field,
And use them as auxiliaries in the strife—
Impulses having an especial sway,
When the opponent—though inferior far
In bodily power and aptitude for fight—
Is obviously the stronger of the two
In intellectual and moral might,
And when the athleter of the combatants
Discerns that he is being worsted—that
The tide of battle has against him turned,
And that his overthrow will follow soon,
If the more noble qualities of mind
And soul, alone, are to decide the contest—
Apollyon seizes his victorious foe,
And, from the dignified and lofty task
Of a belligerent in the war of mind,
Descends to the inglorious offices
Of a man-stealer and piratical chief.
This mighty enemy of God and man,
Feeling the vast inferiority
Of his dread skill and prowess, when arrayed
In spiritual antagonism 'gainst
The incarnate Son of Heaven's eternal King—
Ascends from earth with his illustrious prey
And flies with him to a more spacious realm

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Of his diversified dominions—one,
Wherein his physical power is chiefly felt—
The lofty regions of the empyrean;
Not from the prospect of evincing there
Superior spiritual and mental prowess—
Larger capacities of mind and soul—
Whereby he might the more effectually
Contend with his redoubtable opponent,
And finally obtain a victory
Which he had failed to realize on earth,
But rather—may we not venture to suppose?—
Because the wound inflicted on his pride,
And the deep mortification and chagrin,
Ensuing from his recent overthrow,
Would in that region be less keenly felt.
For in that unsubstantial element,
Untraversable as it is by foot
Of man, and by its rarity, incapable
Of bearing on its limitless expanse
Humanity's ponderous frame of flesh and blood,
So as to furnish it with a stage of action,
Or render transit through it possible,
Without the aid of supernatural power—
Satan could exercise complete control
Over the person of his enemy—

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Heaven granting to him that indulgence for
A while ;—whilst the inspiriting consciousness
Of his stupendous and unrivalled power
In that department of the universe,
And of his enemy's utter weakness there,
And sheer dependence on his will and pleasure—
As in his finite mind he seemed to be—
(Contrasting, as that human weakness did
With his own matchless might there, in a manner
Most gratifying to Satanic pride)
Afforded him no trifling compensation
For his discomfiture and overthrow—
And much contributed to soften down,
And soothe his chafed and disappointed spirit.
There—after his late failure to procure
On Earth's firm platform the substantial glory
And trophies of a veritable conquest,
He could at least enjoy the lesser solace
Of victory's counterfeit—could realize the semblance
Of its exultant pœans, pomp and trophies;
There he could well enact the imposing role
Of Conqueror; there revel in the illusion
Of a proud triumph—by holding in his fell
Grasp the real Hero and transporting him

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Hither and thither, wheresoe'er he pleased;—
Him placing in the inglorious attitude
Of captive, 'stead of that of a great Victor.
Ne'er in Time's annals had this globe, before,
Witnessed a robbery of like magnitude.
For thus, our planet was, in one brief moment,
Despoiled of its chief treasure—its chief glory—
E'en God's unspeakable gift to fallen man—
E'en Him, in whom, are congregated all
The treasures of the boundless universe!
Behold the sacrilegious Plunderer,
With his ill-gotten booty in his arms,
Soaring aloft through Ether's plastic realms,
With the like ease with which the imperial eagle
Mounts heavenwards from her elevated eyrie—
Bearing her young ones on her wide-spread wings,
For healthful airing and due exercise;—
And that they in the sun's meridian heat,
And dazzling blaze might bask and sport themselves;
And, when their strength permits it, that she there
Might make provision for their future weal,
By training them for their high offices

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As the winged rulers of the Atmosphere;
For those unaided and majestic flights,
Destined, in after days, to signalize
Their transmigrations through the empyrean:—
Instructing them to unfold, extend, and ply
Their newly-fledged and untried wings—to prove
Their poising, and propelling faculties;—
To gallantly cleave, and vigorously buffet
The Firmamental-Main's oft boisterous—
Although, to mortal eyes, invisible—waves.
Like some imperial and victorious Warrior,
Returning from far-distant fields of strife,
In triumph, to his kingdom and his home,
And dragging, as the trophy of his skill,
And martial puissance, in the wake of his
War-chariot, some illustrious enemy,
Whom he, in conflict with his country's foes,
Had taken captive—Satan now ascends
Into the spacious firmament, and bears
Through his dominions there, in seeming triumph,
Him he feloniously has taken captive,
As though the enthralled one in his mighty grasp,

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Had in some memorable field of warfare
Been vanquished, and become his lawful prey.
In that sublimer province of Creation,
Satan, although now beaten, yet is mighty—
Is still its absolute and imperial ruler.
And though he has not in those loftier realms,
Attained to such transcendent dignity
Of title—such superlative moral power,
As on this globe he ever has enjoyed;
Though not attaining there the crowning exaltation
Of Godhood, as on Earth,—with which pre-eminence
Of station, and its corresponding title,
He has been, by high Heaven, accredited—
He having been by Holy Writ, itself—
E'en by the voice of truth's divine inditer—
Unhesitatingly declared to be
'The God of this world'—a surprising title, truly,
For any finite creature to receive—
But one, alas! which his vast influence,
And wide-extended sway, therein, o'er human souls,
Vindicates fully, still, even in those higher

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And inaccessible regions of existence
Surrounding this our sublunary orb—
Whose spiritual denizens at defiance set
All power of mortal vision to descry them—
His potency is great, and rule supreme—
For, by the same infallible Personage
He has in Inspiration's wondrous tome
Been named—'Prince of the power of the Air.'
So that there also he has empire wide,
And is invested with imperial honours.
Yet that dominion and supremacy,
And the exalted title he there bears,
Is only his, through heavenly sufferance,
And is permitted—marvellous to relate!—
By the unbounded sovereignty of Him,
Whose person, now, he dares to hold in thrall.
To Satan the vast empire of the Air,
Was, from Creation's dawn vouchsafed, and is decreed,
So to continue through all future time,
Till the commencement of that 'thousand years'
Wherein Christ with his saints will reign on earth;
At close of which he will regain and hold
It, for the brief space that will then precede

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The final judgment of the quick and dead.
Much he enjoys the semblance, in himself,
Of a great Conqueror, whilst thus traversing
His earth-encompassing and radiant realms—
A fraud on consciousness, no little aided
By the spectacle of the real Victor's thrall—
A thrall, by Satan's own dread power inflicted—
Yet, self-deluding, though the feeling is,
It proves, to the defeated and o'erthrown,
A palliative not to be despised;
It serves the office of a safety-valve,
And to a torturing sense of overthrow,
And self-tormenting ruminations
Engendered by the consciousness of defeat,
Affords a ready and assuaging outlet.
Nor does the veritable Conqueror
Deny, or grudge his bold and daring gaoler
That vain, though imposing show of victory,
And the slight satisfaction it affords him.
Astounding solecism—strange catastrophe,
In the eventualities of War!—
That the victorious winner of the fight,
Should be the captive of the vanquished one—
Snatched up, and borne triumphantly away,
By the conquered warrior, to some distant realm.

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Never did Argosy cleave Ocean-wave
With treasure so stupendous in her hold,
As that thine arms are freighted with, O Satan,
Whilst traversing, thus, the empyrean Sea ;—
Never had destiny consigned, before,
To mortal or immortal custody,
A burden so inestimably precious ;
Or been upborne in Heaven or on Earth,
By finite creature, or supreme Creator—
Save when that living treasure erst reposed
Within his virgin Mother's warm embrace,
Or through the eternal ages of the past,
Dwelt in the bosom of his heavenly Sire!
Nor can we wonder at the exultation,
With which that mighty, although fallen Angel,
Now revels in his peerless physical might—
The license temporarily vouchsafed
To him—by Heaven's inscrutable providence—
To wield it as his inclination prompts him,
In the disposal of Immanuel's person—
And the felonious use to which he now
So daringly appropriates that might.
The triumph is no small one to a Spirit
Who glories in the power permitted him,
By the almighty Ruler of all worlds,

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To take possession of, and dominate
The minds, or bodies of God's human off-
spring,—
(Alas! and oft to rule in, and destroy men's
souls)
To deal with them according to his will
And pleasure, and as best may gratify
His lust of sway, or fell malevolence—
To feel that he has unrestrained control
Over the person of the Son of God—
That he can bear him wheresoe'er he lists,—
Conscious that the mysterious Being whom
He folds thus easily in his embrace,
And with less effort than is that put forth
By the maternal parent, or the nurse,
When bearing in her arms the tender babe
Committed to her guardianship and care—
Is no less wondrous and august a being
Than the Creator of the Universe!—
The all-wise and all-powerful One, to whom
The dread Freebooter owes his own existence.
That thought alone, is no slight compensation—
No mean reprisal for the overthrow,
Humiliation, and complete defeat,
He had, to his chagrin, and dire dismay,

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So lately, in the wilderness sustained.
Yet pondering, likewise, the astounding fact,
That Christ is very man, as well as God,
Have we no ground to tremble for his safety,
As we behold him thus 'twixt Heaven and Earth
Transported, hither and thither, at the will,
And pleasure, of Satanic power—that power,
Not only one of vast capacities,
But the avowed and unrelenting foe
Of him he thus transports from place to place—
One also, in whom, malignity of spirit,
Fell purposes, and cruel disposition,
Are prominent and essential elements
Of character,—a being therefore in whose hands
The fate of the mysterious personage
He carries through those lofty realms, seems placed?
For, on becoming veritably man,
Satan's illustrious charge and prisoner,
Had, in his boundless grace and condescension,
Deigned, likewise, to become amenable
To Gravity's inexorable laws.
Necessitated, therefore, as he was,
By his humanity, to obey those laws—
Laws, he himself had, at Creation's birth,

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Ordained for the harmonious operation
Of the material products of his power
And wisdom, in the visible Universe—
He, being subjected to their behests—
Impartially exacting, as they do,
Obedience from their Maker and their God,
As from the meanest, and the feeblest creature—
On his assumption of the human state—
Save when, in some especial exigence,
He holds them in suspension, for a while—
Must be precipitated to the earth
And dashed to pieces—should Apollyon loose
His hold of Jesus, through malign intent—
Can the fond hope, with reason be indulged,
That Satan will neglect to turn to account,
An opportunity so rare and precious,
As that now granted him for wreaking vengeance
On him, whose person he now holds in thrall,
And to whose irreversible decree
And terrible fiat, his dire doom he owes?
Has he so often bathed in Lethe's stream
And quaffed such large and oft repeated draughts
Of its Memory-paralyzing waters—
(Tempted—as from its close proximity
To his infernal throne, and from his woe's

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Intensity and vastness, he might be,
At times to plunge in, and at times to drink
Deeply, thereof—abounding, as 'tis fabled,
With anodyne and oblivious properties—
Virtues so calculated to assuage
The agonies occasioned by Remorse.
Whose leash, acute remembrance of the past,
So cruelly knots, or thickly arms with stings—)
That he has lost all vivid recollection
Of that Assize erst held in Paradise
Where, as a criminal, he was arraigned
For rank rebellion 'gainst the Most High God,
And where, for that dire crime, he heard the doom
Adjudged to him of banishment from Heaven,
And the unspeakable glory, life, and bliss,
He had so many ages there enjoyed,
And straight consignment to the bottomless pit?
Has he forgotten, too, how terribly
That awful doom was forthwith realized—
That he, like lightning, instantly was hurled
Down deep into Hell's nethermost abyss?
Vain supposition!—far more probable
That every intervening hour, from then till now,
Has but intensified his memory

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Of that catastrophe, and his thirst whetted
For vengeance on its perpetrator. Should therefore,
Some paroxysm of vindicate rage
Seize Satan, whilst thus traversing the sky,
With the executioner of his fearful doom
In his firm grasp, and placed at his disposal,
What likelier than, that he should eagerly
Avail himself of the long wished-for power
Propitious Fate now places in his hands,
To be avenged most promptly and completely,
On the inflicter of his penalty,
And to requite his own precipitation
From heavenly heights to Hell's profoundest depths,
By casting him down headlong to the Earth,
In manner like as, though with lesser speed,
Than he himself judicially had been
By the almighty power of Him whose ire
And vengeance he insanely had provoked
In the far distant ages of the past;
Or by relaxing murderously his hold
Upon the person of his conqueror,
So that he might with fatal violence
Fall down upon the solid ground beneath?

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But even though oblivious of the past,—
E'en though not instigated, by revenge,
To such enormity of wickedness,
Yet should his teeming mind beget the thought;
(Should intuition, or presentiment,
Or both those subtle mental agencies,
By their sagacious and portentous hints,
Prophetic lore's fulfilment far outrun,
And by anticipation realize
The mighty triumphs of Redemption's work—
Triumphs so fatal to his own fell sway—
Ages before their actual occurrence—)
That He, now borne a captive in his arms,
Is destined to be Sin and Hell's destruction;—
That at his girdle hang the keys of Hell
And death;—that he it is who shutteth
And no man openeth—who openeth
And no man shutteth;—that to him all power
In heaven and earth, has been by God committed;—
That over principalities and powers
He ultimately shall victorious prove—
That all his enemies shall lick the dust—
That to him every knee shall bow
And every tongue confess—all rule and all

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Authority be subjected to him—
His reign be all-pervading, and all power,
Praise, honor, glory, and dominion, be
To him ascribed for ever and for ever—
Is there no fear that he—if not to avert
Presaged disasters, judgments, and perdition—
To passion's madness by that very thought
Being stung—will be incited to such acts
Of desperation and infernal mischief,—
E'en though the fruits of those vindictive deeds,
As equally frustrative of his aims,
Should press themselves on his own consciousness ?
Was e'er Salvation seen to approach so near,
And tread so perilously on the verge
Of ruin ?—seemed it e'er so near being wrecked
Upon the rocks of Hell's malevolence,
Presumptuous daring, and destructive power ?
Did ever Inspiration's venturous
And bold predictions of Messiah's course
On earth,—its work, and its accomplishment,
So seem to tremble in the scales of Truth—
As their validity and credibleness,
Are therein being vigorously tried,
This hour—or threaten so to kick the beam ?

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Yet, oh! inhabitants of earth, despond not.
However natural your boding apprehensions—
However warranted by ominous signs,
Your fears and doubts—as to Redemption's fate,
And that deliverance, glory, life, and bliss,
To man, decree'd to follow in its train—
Will all, at length, be utterly removed,
And proved ideal and foundationless.
Not even Satan would dare perpetrate
A homicide of such atrocity;—
Though nought could well be more in unison
With both the spirit and the aim of him,
Who stirred up Herod to destroy the lives
Of Bethlehem's helpless innocents,
In hopes that Christ might thereby be destroyed,
Than such a murderous design and act
Committed 'gainst the world's Deliverer.
True he might oft have pondered the fell deed,
Hugged it, in spirit, fondly and exultingly—
Have gloated o'er its baleful consequence—
Pending his lofty and audacious flight—
And been, at times, by a full impulse moved
To realize its direful consummation.
But he, who was a murderer, from of old,
And as a roaring Lion prowls throughout

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As to make life's destruction his sole aim,
When in collision with his foes on earth—
And, therefore, irresistibly surrender
Himself, and matchless power of doing mischief,
To every ruthless and exterminating impulse
Engendered in his ruin-plotting mind.
Malice, revenge, guile, falsehood, and rebellion,
Are not the only elements of his nature.
Despite his violence and injuriousness,
He, though so fallen, has even now a few
Constituents of being, somewhat higher
In the gradient of intelligence, than such
Repulsive attributes of character;—
Has still some qualities that will have their claims
Responded to—will have their proper share
Of influence o'er the spirit and the deeds
Of their possessor, and, at times, control
The evolutions of Apollyon's mind,
So as to make them somewhat harmonize
With their less baleful bias and instigations,
And thus impose a salutary check
On harsher traits that with them co-exist
In Satan's individuality.
Thereby, are powerfully neutralized,

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Or caused to be less rampant in their action,
The violent and destructive tendencies
Of his degenerate and fiendish nature.
Thus e'en Beelzebub the Prince of Devils,
And Autocrat of the infernal realms,
Is not—regarded as the Evil One—
So independent, as might be supposed,
In exercising his destructive powers,
But has the loftier portion of himself,
To call in consultation, and to its
Directing and controlling powers appeal,
And therefrom counsel and permission have,
Ere he can give the rein to those pernicious bents
Of feeling and of action, that prevail
In another and a more demoniac part
Of his mighty and appalling entity.
But not Self only has he to consult;—
Despotic Ruler as he is, below,
His absolutism e'en in Hell is not
So great, but that he is amenable,
In some degree, to *its* opinions, aims,
And wishes, and in his proceedings swayed
Thereby. Not even in the breast of Fiends
Has chivalry been utterly extinguished,—

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Though 'mongst them its possessors are but few.
But there are other denizens of Hell—
Beings in whom the chivalrous sentiment
Was rife, when they were dwellers on this globe;
And 'as the tree falls so it lies,' so these,
When leaving Earth for those lugubrious realms,
Took with them all those chivalrous qualities,
And aspirations, which had formed so large
An element of their terrestrial life.
By all such,—had Hell's King and Leader dared
To have *thus* deprived of sublunary life
The meek and gentle man of Nazareth,
There would, (nay, e'en by many of the Fiends,
And by condemned mortals in their midst,)
Be uttered execrations, such as would
Have made e'en Satan tremble on his throne—
So stamped with cowardice of the deepest dye,
Had such a craven act of murder been.

Viewing afar the glittering pinnacles
Of Salem's Temple, which now dazzlingly
Reflect the radiance of the setting Sun,
A thought suggests itself, that, in a moment,

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Frees his disordered, agitated mind,
From the disquietude and vaccillation
That had so recently obtained therein—
Scene, as it had been, of a desperate struggle
Betwixt a strong desire to execute
Summary vengeance on his mighty foe,
By casting him from that terrific height
Down to the Earth, and ending thus his life,
And the resolve, nay even powerful wish
To spare that life for further enterprise
Of hellish craft and ingenuity
Upon the fastnesses of his soul's faith,
Allegiance, zeal, and steadfastness of purpose;—
For Satan's towering intellectual pride—
And glory in his mind's stupendous powers;
His combative and warfare-loving spirit;
Delight in spiritual and mental strife,
And quenchless wish to vanquish and o'erthrow
This loftiest and mightiest of his foes,
Are traits and aspirations of his nature,
That far transcend, at this eventful moment,
Rage, hatred, vengeance, and destructiveness—
Pregnant and mighty, at all times, as are
These qualities in the satanic mind.
All hope, therefore of future victory

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Has not yet been extinguished in his breast.
He trusts that fickle Fortune still may smile
Upon him, and that Time's vicissitudes
Might in some future conflict cause the tide
Of battle in his favour to set in,
And giving to his arms the aseendancy,
Grant them decisive triumph, in the end.
But though thus resolutely purposing
To eschew the guilt of *homicidal action*,
He had no scruple to incite his foe
To perpetrate a suicidal act,
Whilst striving to achieve a moral triumph
O'er Christ, by vain endeavours to beguile
Him from his steadfastness of mind and purpose,
Earth, seeking whom he may devour, is not
So absolutely governed by his dire
Malevolence, and homicidal passion,
His ever cordial acquiescence in,
Or resignation to his Sire's decrees
Concerning his terrene course. Should the snare
Succeed, he would be doubly conqueror—
A glorious spiritual victory would be won,
In the antagonism of mind with mind,
And the destruction of the enemy's life
Secured, without assassination's guilt,

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And odium, being by himself incurred.
The salient virtues of Christ's character
Appeared to him, if not the weakest, yet,
The most available for his design.
These lofty qualities of mind and soul
Seemed most to invite his powers of assault—
And to his projects not impregnable.
Such, in Apollyon's estimation, were
Messiah's wondrous trust in God his Father,
His burning zeal for the Almighty's glory,
His ardent and unquenchable love to God,
Firm faith in Revelation's promises,
And jealousy for the honour of their Author.
If, therefore, he could but so work upon
His boundless confidence in his Sire's love,
And readiness to minister aid to him,
In danger, or in exigency's hour,
By challenging him to test the strength and worth
Of his implicit trust and confidence
In God's care, and his prompt deliverance,
In any peril, howsoever urgent,
Wherein, through his own acts, or those of others,
He might be placed—by casting himself down

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From one of the pinnacles of yonder Fane,
His object would be then completely gained,
His loftiest ambition satisfied,
And his emprise attain its crowning triumph.
For in Christ's prompt acceptance of this challenge—
Though heavenly succour might be interposed
To render his descent innocuous,
Should he adventurously brave its peril,
Yet would the hazardous experiment,
From its presumptuous and unlawful tempting
Of heavenly power and providential care,
Evince, in him, a moral imperfection
Sufficient to bring Satan off the Victor.
To put that project into execution,
Apollyon forthwith bends his flight towards
Salem's proud Temple, and on its supremest point
Sets down his charge, and thus addresses him—
'Art thou the Son of God cast thyself down
From hence; for it is written, He shall give
His angels charge concerning thee, and they
Shall in their hands upbear thee, lest thou dash
Thy foot, at any time, against a stone.'
To this Messiah answered—'It is written
Again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.'

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What! not content, dread spirit, with selecting
The summit of God's Temple, as the scene
Of conflict 'twixt thee and Jehovah's Son,
But thou must also have the hardihood
To summon Inspiration to thine aid,
And wield its sayings as thy weapon 'gainst
The Holy One, with whom thou art contending!
Thus acting, Fountain-Head of evil! thou
Hast virtually allured thine enemy
Into the very Armoury of Heaven;
Chosen the Arsenal of Truth Divine,
As both the arena of antagonism,
Betwixt thyself, and Death and Hell's destroyer,
And as the magazine of spiritual arms
Whence thou, and likewise thine opponent
Might be befittingly equipped for fight.
Ignor'st thou, then, that he with whom thou now
Art waging spiritual warfare, is no other
Than the celestial Armourer, himself,—
The almighty Fabricator of those arms
Wherewith the oracles of Sacred Writ
Are so appallingly and thickly stored?—
That its redoubtable instruments of war
Were forged and tempered by that enemy

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Whose wisdom, power, and virtue, thou hast dared
Thus brave, and set thyself in battle array?
Nor has he merely forged and tempered them,
But their offensive and defensive powers
Has himself tested, as the God of War—
The Lord mighty in battle. In this act of thine
Thou biddest him look round and view the dread
Array of Shields, and Bucklers, Swords, and Spears,
Bows, Arrows, Battle-axes, Helmets, and Habergeons,
War-horses, and War-chariots, Battering-rams,
And all those terrible instruments of warfare
With which Truth's mighty arsenal is filled,
For use of the church militant on earth,
In all its conflicts with infernal powers;
For feeble saints and sacramental hosts,
In their contentions with the foes of God,
With enemies within them and without;—
Invitest him to take his choice of them
And arm himself therewith from head to foot—
Or for offensive or defensive warfare—
Or thine own onslaught to repel, or prove,

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Through use of them, his skill and martial prowess
In active operations 'gainst his foes.
Thinkest thou, then, thy skill and power are such
That thou canst thus afford to brave Heaven's King,
E'en in the very strongholds of his might—
That thou canst safely venture thus to beard
The Lion of the tribe of Judah, in his den—
Nay—even cherish the fallacious hope,
That thou, not only canst maintain thy ground,
There, but come off victorious from the conflict?
Canst thou, then, think you, use those terrible arms
As skillfully as thine opponent, or,
That what of *skill* in handling them, thou lackest,
Will more than be compensated, at last,
By thy superior *power* in wielding them?
In such a contest, waged on such a field,
And with such weapons as therein were wielded,
What other issue could have been foretold,
What else expected, but complete defeat
And overthrow of Satan's fell designs?
But was it from the want of skill and power
In wielding Inspiration's utterances,

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That Apollyon failed in his dire enterprise ?
Ah ! no ; for none, amongst created beings,
With such dexterity can handle them ;
And ofttimes--oh ! how terrible the thought !—
With soul-deluding and destroying power—
Arraying e'en the oracles of Truth—
(By his perversion of their genuine import)—
'Gainst Truth herself—her light, life, peace, and
joy—
Her glory, her salvation, hopes, and all
Her lofty and most cherished interests—
Against the very ends for which that Truth
Was instituted and proclaimed to man—
The soul's enlightenment and deliverance,
The spread of true religion in the world,
And the eternal welfare of mankind.
One of his aims is so to wrest the Scriptures,
That his ulterior and more deadly one,—
The ruin of the human soul, through them,—
Might be effected and God's gracious purpose
To save man, by their means, from sin and hell,
Effectually thwarted and overthrown—
Defeated by the very agency
That heavenly grace and mercy had devised
For the salvation of our fallen race.

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God's word, then, being ofttimes used by him
To lure men's souls to everlasting death,
Than he none have explored and studied them
More diligently—none considered more
Their import—none more stored their memories,
And the whole mental system, with their truths.
Those writings are as easy of access
To him, as to fall'n mortals, here on earth :
He needs not *daily* to resort to them,
Like *men*—through feebleness of recollection,
And their far less capacious mental powers—
That thereby his acquaintance with their truths,
And ponderings of their mysteries, might be freshened—
His maelstrom-memory has engulphed them all.
From Inspiration's Omega to its Alpha—
From Genesis to the Apocalypse—
His mighty mind has, intellectually,
Though not religiously, digested them.
His knowledge of the *letter* of God's word,
Is perfect;—all its marvellous disclosures,
Its precepts, promises, and threatenings,
Are treasured up in his capacious mind,
And aye available, in time of need,
When with some notable opponent striving,

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Or seeking to beguile unwary souls
Who yield a ready and a credulous ear,
To his crafty and sophistic reasonings—
His doubt, and unbelief engendering hints.
So strong his bias to engender war
In men, and things, inclined to mutual peace,
That in his constant search for aliment,
Wherewith to feed and gratify this passion,
He will e'en dare provoke hostilities
'Twixt God and God's own dicta. In no form
Of evil, takes he more delight than this.
To stir up fratricidal feud betwixt
The essentially-harmonious oracles
Of Inspiration, is his loved pursuit.
To weaken human faith and confidence
Therein, and due obedience to his mandates,
And fill their place with doubt and unbelief,
He oft will represent it to the mind,
As being much at variance with itself—
In contradictions and discrepancies
Abounding. Great his joy and pride, if he
Can so set Holy Writ 'gainst Holy Writ,
As manifestly to belie each other.
Who can more promptly, or more aptly quote
The scriptures of eternal Truth, than he—

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Or with such terrible effectiveness,
In rooting human minds in deadly error,
Or causing them to swerve from the strait road
That leads to everlasting life and bliss?
His power of perverting its blest truths,
Alas! how great, how fatally successful!
With wondrous ingenuity he twists
And turns them from their true and obvious meaning!
Most potent is he in defeating Truth's
Beneficent ends—slaying immortal souls
By the expedients Mercy has ordained
Man's everlasting welfare to secure;—
Its import totally, at times, reversing;—
Celestial freedom into bondage dire;
His own fell thraldom into liberty;
Light into darkness, darkness into light;
Truth into falsehood, falsehood into truth;
Vice into virtue, virtue into vice;
True glory into shame and infamy;
Anathemas into beatitudes;
Pain into pleasure, pleasure into pain;
The *ignus fatuus* of terrestrial wisdom
Into the semblance of the light of Truth;
Beatitudes into calamities;

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Rest into labour, labour into rest;
Joy into sorrow, sorrow into joy;
Disloyalty and rebellion into fealty;
Life and salvation into mental gloom;
Endless existence in the world to come
Into inglorious annihilation;
Hell and Destruction, as they are pourtrayed
In God's word, into Fable's dreamy figments—
Transforming, in the view of man, his dupe.
On Heaven, Salvation, and Eternal Life,
And other kindred and exalted themes,
He sometimes will with fervency declaim—
With mighty eloquence, and well-feigned rapture;
Will even so far play the hypocrite
As zealously to point out to his dupes
The blessedness and glories of God's word,
And glowingly expiate thereon.
With much appearance of sincerity
Will he to its authority defer,
Enjoin implicit confidence therein,
Defend it with much earnestness and skill
From the attacks of certain of its foes,
Act as its panegyrist and bold champion,
And warmly praise its literary wealth,
Sublimity, and lofty poetry.

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Times are there, when his subtlety and craft
Will prompt him so far to dissimulate,
That he will even choose as themes of converse,
Of exposition, or of declamation,
The essential verities of Jehovah's word.
On these will he most earnestly discourse,
And to his purposed prey will them commend;
Will loud extol the doctrines of the cross,
The pardoning virtue of the blood there shed,
Faith's justifying agency and power,
And Holy Spirit's sanctifying work;
Will play, alternately—and each part play well—
The Moderate, or Hyper-Calvanist,
Or the Armenian, on the other hand;
Or act as ardent champion and exponent,
Of every intermediate shade of doctrine;—
Be zealous Catholic or Protestant—
As one or other might subserve his ends—
And be regarded truly orthodox
By all, whose minds he labours to deceive.
But he takes care to neutralize what good
Waits on his vast concessions to the foe—
The Author and the End of Sacred Truth—
(Concessions made, from the profoundest guile,
And with ulterior deadly-hostile aims,

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Not from the magnanimity of candour)
In thus extolling that great enemy's deeds,
Thus lauding his strongholds and deadly weapons,
By earnestly endeavouring to make men
The worshippers of doctrinal truth, itself,
Rather than spiritual worshippers of Him
Who is their Author, and to whom they point.
He is for ever offering himself
To human minds, as Truth's interpreter,
And mighty is he, when his aid they accept,
In misconstruing God's eternal word.
Nor triumphs he, at any time, more proudly,
Than when successful in decoying souls
To endless ruin—not by hindering them
From traversing the beatific soil
Of Inspiration's hallowed provinces,
But when he, with his hapless victim, stands
Amidst, or roams through its ineffable grounds,
And with its richest produce there regales them;
Than when, in the capacity of guide,
He credulous and unwary man conducts
Through Holy Scripture's most perplexing paths,
And his perversions of its utterances
Persuades him to accept, and advocate,
As true solutions of its mysteries.

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Thus much—when Satan has to deal with men,
Through Revelation's mighty agency—
Men not ordained to everlasting life.
But when arrayed against the Son of God
Or any of the saints of the Most High,
The issue is so totally reversed,
That Satan has more cause for grief, and self—
Condolence, self-reproach, than joy and triumph.
Be it a property indigenous
To the satanic weapons thus employed—
Or one by Heaven's o'erruling power imparted,
For such occasions—still, the truth is patent,
That shafts projected from Apollyon's bow—
Whether from Inspiration's quiver ta'en,
Or from the armoury of the infernal realms—
When Zion's King, and subjects are the marks
Aimed at by Satan, and his arrows reach
Their purposed mark, and penetrate (sometimes
But slightly, sometimes deeply and severely)
The spiritual frames of those they thus have wounded—
No sooner do they taste the heavenly blood
Careering through the vessels of the soul,
Than instantly—or at some future time,
If suffered to remain there for a while—

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They, by the marvellous capacity
Of self-extraction they possess—though barbed—
And deeply in the sufferer's frame embedded—
Retrace their passage through the wounds they had
Inflicted, and, when from their butt withdrawn,
Wheel round, and with their points unerringly aimed
At the fell Archer who projected them,
With great rapidity and force reverse
Their flight, and pierce him in some vital organ.
With like recoiling violence and effect,
The blows aimed at, and deeply wounding Christ,
And his true saints, by Satan's trenchant sword,
Or fiery darts, descend upon the head,
Or penetrate the heart of him who wields them.
Thus suicidal, aye have been thy deeds,
Dread Spirit, when attempting to destroy,
Or mar the beauty of God's spiritual
Creation—from the inauspicious day
Of Eve's seduction through thy subtle wiles,
To this thy last audacious enterprise.
Wilt thou, then, always play the Suicide ?—
Wilt thou ne'er profit by thy vast experience

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Of the o'erruling and transmuting power
Of Him who can, and ever is transforming
Thine hatred, cunning, and hostility,
Into substantial blessings to His church,
But ever be concocting schemes whereby
To injure or impede celestial truth,
And counteract Salvation's grand designs?
Surely the lessons thou has hitherto learnt,
Have been severe and numerous enough,
To amply testify the effectual power
And steadfast purpose of the God of Heaven,
To thwart and ultimately overthrow
All thy malignant aims, and enterprises;
Nor merely to defeat and nullify,
But out of hellish subtlety and malice,
To eliminate transcendant spiritual good;—
Thy wrath, and man's wrath make to praise
Him;—
All things to work together for the good
Of those ordained to everlasting life,
According to the purposes of grace;—
All to the furtherance of his cause to tend,
And most potential agencies become,
For the saints' welfare and prosperity.

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Book the Third.

Again the Tempter takes Messiah up,
And, vertically rising with his captive,
Ascends far upwards into starry realms.
Then changing suddenly his ærial course
He swiftly flies to a far distant Mount,
Of an exceeding lofty altitude
On his way thither passing over many,
And spacious territories of the globe.
Reaching its summit, and depositing there
His sorely-tested fellow voyager,
The Prince of Darkness, after brief repose—
Not that he needed such relief himself,
But for the benefit of his human charge—
Broke the deep silence that had late obtained
Betwixt him and the partner of his flight,
By thus addressing him in well-feigned terms
Of homage, and exalted panegyric.
Heroic and invincible Son of Mary!—
In our late-formed acquaintance, and encounter,
Thou hast exhibited qualities of mind,

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And soul, of such transcendent excellence,
That they have won my highest admiration—
Nor admiration only, but sincere
Respect, esteem, and highest veneration.
They, likewise, have engendered in my breast
Deep interest in thee and thy destiny,
And made me so desirous to develop
To the utmost range of their capacity,
And priceless worth to Earth's inhabitants,
The intellectual and moral traits
Thou hast so signally exemplified,
And to promote thee to unparalleled heights
Of mundane greatness and preeminence
(Since 'tis my power as Ruler of this sphere,
To raise thee from thy present abject state,
To earthly glory's loftiest pinnacle)
That for thy benefit I have enterprised
Our late long journey through ætherial space,
And brought thee to this towering mountain's crest—
The loftiest point of this terrestrial globe;—
For from this high observatory thou
Canst look down on the kingdoms of the world
And all their glory. Here, on every side,
Are they spread vividly before thine eyes.

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Truth and a manly candour will compel
Thee to admit, that I have no small claim
Upon your gratitude and warmest thanks,
For having brought thee hither—having placed
Thee on a sublunary eminence,
So ~~More~~ Earth-commanding, by its altitude,
And through the pureness and transparency
Of its circumambient atmosphere,
That, from its summit, opportunity
Has been presented thee, for the first time,
(Mysterious, and incredible, as it seems)
To gaze upon the world; on that identical world
Whereof—if the astounding rumour, now
So current 'mongst the immortals, speaks the truth—
Thou art the veritable Architect!
For since thine Advent to this goodly offspring
Of thy creative potency and skill,—
(Though thirty years of time have been embraced
Within the period of thine earthly sojourn)—
Scarce can it, in a worthy sense, be said,
That thou hast ever seen the world, before,
In what of it thy Galilean home
And its surroundings offer to thy view.
Behold and ponder well the various realms

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With their distinctive glories, peoples, traits,
So vividly exhibited to view,
In the vast living tableaux now before us?
Regale thy visual sense abundantly
Upon the sumptuous viands wherewith, here,
The banquet-table of Earth's scenic glory
Is so profusely covered, and whereat
Thou art with cordial hospitality
Invited, and esteemed a worthy guest;—
As peradventure, it may be the last,
As well as first time, such a gorgeous scene
Will e'er accost, on earth, thy ravished gaze.
Uncognizant, thou aye hast been, till now,
Of the world's nobler aspects and transactions—
So far as appertains to knowledge gained
By personal observation;—knowledge such
As finds its way into the mind's recesses,
Through the avenues of man's corporeal sense;—
Knowledge enriching, and adorning much,
Mortality's intellectual cabinets,
And prized exceedingly by its possessor,
Both as the source of his own happiness,
And as conducive to his relative
Importance, influence, usefulness, and worth,
As an intelligent denizen of Earth—

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And greater fitness duly to contend
With the vicissitudes of human life.
And in such ignorance wouldst thou have
remained,
Had not the insight into mundane life,
And grandeur, which is here afforded thee—
As the issue of our ærial transmigration,
From Canaan's torpid, and ignoble coasts—
Swept, in a moment, that sad ignorance
Away, and cleared thine earthly reputation
Of a reproach, to which the intelligent
And noble mind is keenly sensitive.
In the abundance and diversity
Of empires, and the various theatres
Of human action, power, and influence
For good and evil, that are comprehended
In the resplendent territorial expanse
Surrounding thee, and hence distinctly viewed,
There is presented to thy view a glimpse
Of what earth is, and its alluring charms;—
Here thou may'st see what life is, in its best,
Most elevated, and important aspects;—
What are its excellences, dignity, and worth;
The majesty and splendour of its aims;
Its marvellous power; its grandeur of achievement,

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In peace and war, in commerce, science, arts,
In martial action, valour, victories;
In statesmanship, imperial pomp and rule,
And various other brilliant evolutions
Of its wondrous and triumphant course through Time;
The rapid, marvellous developement
Of man's diversified capacities;
The exuberance of his mind's productiveness;
The progress it has made towards the goal
Of its proud destiny's glorious consummation.
But chiefly it concerns thee to look down
Upon, and duly weigh the opulence
Of Earth's resources as a caterer,
Designed, and aye in loyal readiness,
To wait on thee and minister to all
The exigencies of thy temporal lot,
Whilst executing thy momentous task
In this fair world—as the Deliverer,
And heaven-ordained Restorer of mankind.
Here, likewise, have I brought thee, that thou mightst—
From the redundancy of worldly glory;
The various scenes of sublunary being,
More or less lofty, grand, conspicuous,

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And influential, through the various parts
That are thereon enacted, and their bearings
On human progress, weal, and happiness;—
The numerous and widely-differing grades
Of worldly rank, pursuit, and circumstance,
Comprised in this incomparable vista,—
Select a theatre of life and action
More worthy thy possession and regard
And one in more ostensible harmony
With thine exalted name and character,
Superlative attributes of mind and soul,
Benevolent feelings, tendencies, and aims,
And vast capacity for doing good;—
And with the high and glorious destiny
Awaiting thee, when thy momentous task
Of bringing this estranged, insurgent province
Of thy great Father's wide dominions, back
To its true orbit in the moral system,
And re-instating its fall'n denizens
In that allegiance and fidelity
From whence they have so grievously revolted,
Has realized its last and crowning act.
Wilt thou not, then, a nobler stage discern,
'Mongst such scenes for thy future life on earth,
And the employment of thy lofty powers,

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Than Canaan's soil has ever offered thee,
Or ever *could* present for thine acceptance?
O canst thou for one moment hesitate
On which of these dissimilar arenas
Of mortal being, aim, and occupation,
Thy choice should fall?—or feel uncertain where
Shall be thy future stage of earthly being
And what the nature of thine avocations?—
Save that uncertainty which, in the mind,
Springs less from doubt which of two rival classes
Of objects sueing the elector's choice,
His preference might be well accorded to,
Than that which, after such decision made,
Arises from the multiplicity,
And universal excellence of those things
That have secured his general suffrage—each
Of which, appears to plead with equal claims,
For the selector's choice and ownership.
Art thou not *man*? Art thou not Glory's King?
Wilt thou, then, do such glaring violence
To the instinctive yearnings of thy nature—
Both as a mortal, and a Potentate—
And render null and void thine offices
In that preeminent phase of royalty
Pertaining to thee as the King of Nations,

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As stolidly repress, or hold in check,
The rising of those glowing impulses,
Which such a spectacle, as that before us,
Is so well calculated to inspire?—
Wilt thou so thwart thy manhood's nobler instincts—
So utterly belie thy lofty name
As nip in the blood—as stifle at the birth—
Those throes and cravings of incarnate life
Which find their natural vent and truest field of action
In passionate love of the magnificent,
The grand, the lofty, and the powerful—
Conditions of intelligent existence,
Wherein are found the essential elements
Of that transcendent and most-coveted thing—
That all-surpassing good possessed by Earth
Below, or by the Heavens above, called Glory?
Is it *thus*, that thou wouldst vindicate thy manhood—
That nature, which although so far beneath
Thine heavenly and eternal entity,
Thou hast, by thine assumption of its substance,
And all its characteristic properties,
Made equally a portion of thyself,

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As is thy primal and essential Godhead?
Amongst the various kinds of earthly power
And grandeur, here presented to our view—
All vieing with each other to secure
Thy contemplation and admiring gaze—
All sueing thine approval and acceptance,
In accents of surpassing eloquence—
(Not audible, 'tis true, to bodily ears,
But, in its own peculiar oratory,
Appealing in heart-stirring terms and sounds
To the auricular powers of mind and heart;—
A mighty and soul-ravishing eloquence—
Speech, which, though not embodying itself
In tones and dialects articulate,
Has, yet, a captivating oratory—
Loud utterances, peculiarly its own;
Teeming with music and replete with power—
Appealing, as it does, with mighty force
To the soul's exquisitely sensitive ear—
To that appreciative auditory—
The moral judgment and the moral taste:
And as distinctly, and with equal ease
Can these be heard, and as correctly be
Interpreted by them, as audible sounds
Of oral language, by corporeal ears—)

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Which sphere, which occupation wilt thou
  choose?
Though leaving thee unfettered in thy choice
Of sublunary station and pursuit;
Though loth to say, or do, aught that might
  influence,
E'en in the slightest measure, thy decision,
Or make thee swerve from the spontaneous bias
And workings of thine individual taste,
And the determinations of thy will—
Yet would I venture humbly to suggest,—
In loyal deference to propriety,—
That sphere of human life, and action, which
In my poor judgment seems conducive most
To thy terrestrial welfare, power, and glory,
And to extend, e'en to its utmost verge,
The range of thy beneficent influence—
On earth, whilst thou shalt deign to sojourn
  here.
First, then, in order—as in dignity,
Importance, splendour, and magnificence,
And as a station that is capable
Of being, by a worthy occupant, made
A source of mental and of moral action
Fraught with the mightiest influence for good,

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And with unrivalled capabilities
Of moulding and controlling human fate;
And as comprising in its offices,
An agency of inconceivable might
For expediting human weal and progress;
Would I suggest the kingly eminence.
That, surely, has the strongest claim to thy
Consideration, favour, and acceptance,
As a theatre for thy terrene career;
Not solely on the attractive plea of its
Unrivalled exaltation, power, and lustre—
(Though that alone were reason strong enough
To influence potentially thy mind,
Enlist thy will's decisions in its favour,
And speedily constrain thee to ascend
One of the chiefest seats of earthly empire,
And wield the rod of regal government
O'er those whose glory and whose happiness
'Twill be to yield allegiance to thy sway,
Call thee their Sovereign Ruler, and themselves
Thy loyal, loving, and obedient lieges).
But chiefly, by its perfect harmony
With the inherent properties of Christhood—
With thy transcendent greatness—whether viewed

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In thy celestial or terrestrial nature—
Thy human or supernal majesty—
Son, as thou art, of the eternal God
And also heir to the imperial honours
Of David thy great earthly ancestor.
Ground also is there in the pleasing thought
Of its superlative adaptedness
To furnish a befiting platform for,
And call into beneficent exercise,
Those lofty virtues of humanity
Wherewith thou art so marvellously endowed.
And will it not effectually subserve
The execution and accomplishment
Of thy stupendous and magnificent
Designs, in coming down from Heaven to Earth,
On fallen and unhappy man's behalf?
Is it not suited greatly to promote
Thy mission, and a mighty adjunct prove,
'Twards finally fulfilling the great end
Of thine astonishing self-abnegation
In quitting the ineffable bliss and glory
Of thine Almighty Father's gracious presence—
And of the still more wondrous graciousness
Involved in thy spontaneous abdication
Of the majesty and blessedness of Godhead,

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And in incarcerating so long time
Thy being in mortality's base clay?
Art thou not eager to become a King?
If Holy Writ's oracular voice speak true,
Thou art predestined to that dignity.
Exemplify, then, its prophetic truth.
Methinks thou shouldst be more solicitous—
If not to realize with promptitude
The lofty and resplendent destiny
Decreed concerning thee, and there foretold—
At least, to vindicate the truth of that
Vaticination, and evince to man
The unerring accuracy of that Word
For whose veraciousness and honour thou
Hast aye exhibited such jealous zeal.
Are not divine predestination's edicts
A glorious and conspicuous element
In Holy Scripture's wondrous revelations?
And wilt thou hesitate to render them
Due honour by implicit confidence
Therein?—and how so manifest that faith
As by embodying in thy life on Earth
Its sovereign, irreversible decrees
Concerning thine imperial character,
Glory, and veritable kingly state and rule?

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Let prophecy thus make its grandest transit
From the abstractions of inspired truth
Into the actualities of life—
The concrete of the real and tangible—
Conspicuously and grandly figuring
'Mongst Time's most brilliant and sublime transactions;
A verification of prophetic truth
Forming grand matter for the Historian's pen,
And ere long destined to become the most
Noteworthy of the dazzling incidents
Of earthly life's grand drama. Thus thou'lt show
That Holy Writ's prognosticating lore
Is based upon the glorious attributes
Of God's omniscience and unerring truth.
Say—which of all these earthly monarchies
Thou wilt make choice of, as a seat of empire;
Speak but the word, and I will place thee on it.
My influence is more than adequate
To make that promise an accomplished fact,
Shouldst thou, with promptitude avail thyself
Of my support, as Earth's Lord paramount,
And power to promote thy largest wishes?
Though reigning with resistless might on earth,

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And from the subjects of my mundane realm
Receiving true and universal fealty;
And although having an unquestioned right
To be esteemed and worshipped as the God
Of this world, since it is a right which conquest
Of well-nigh all the souls of its indwellers,
Has won for me;—(nor only right *to be*
Its God, but one day—and that day not distant—
To be avowed as such, by Him who is
The supreme God of all created Gods—
For without vain pretensions to omniscience,
And though not gifted with that perfect foresight
Which can the future as the present scan,
Yet intuition and a large experience
In the transactions of the eventful past,
Convince me fully that e'en Heaven itself
With all its animosity towards me,
Is far above all jealousy of feeling
Engendered by the frequent contemplation
Of an opponent's power, renown, and greatness—
Howe'er acquired and howsoever used;
And therefore will not so belie its knowledge
Of all the eventualities of Time,
The course of spiritual government on earth,
The choice of rulers by its denizens,

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And their prevailing spirit and pursuits,
As to repudiate, or shun expressing
Its recognition and acknowledgment
Of my unrivalled power and influence
Over the soul's of Earth's inhabitants,
Or fail to accredit me therewith, one day;
But rather that its loyalty to Truth
And boundless magnanimity will move
It frankly to avow my peerless power
Terrene, and absolute dominion here—
And that, ere Revelation's wondrous tome
Is closed, the lofty glory and distinction
Of earthly Godhood will ingenuously,
And boldly, be awarded me, therein.
That truth it will avow, whate'er the risk
Of damaging, thereby, its own renown,
Or rendering less effective its attempts
T' evangelize the world, or of defeating
Its aim, o'er mortals to reign paramount).
Yet, let not my well-proved, and long enjoyed
Supremacy on this terrestrial globe,
Deter thee from accepting readily
This offer, from the fear, or even thought,
That as our principles and interests
Are rival and conflicting, Earth will be,

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Henceforth, a scene of turbulence and discord—
That it will from this moment be the stage
Of rival and conflicting interests;
That the dominion over which thou wieldest
The rod of sovereign empire, will, hereafter—
Be spiritual contention's chief arena—
The scene of clashing principles and passions
And of the strifes of their respective champions.
Fiercely antagonistic to each other
We need not be, in future—whatsoe'er
Our rivalry and contests, heretofore;
Nor need our interests clash on this fair globe,
Whate'er they may have done in other spheres,
Or may again do, on some other stage.
Here we can live, if not in harmony
At least in peace and freedom from dire strife.
Betwixt us shall be no ungenerous,
Inimical, and bitter rivalry.
Keep you to your especial kingdom, I
Will rigorously restrict myself to mine.
Reign thou as absolutely as thou wilt,
And with as irresistible a power,
And influence—and with as much success,
Triumph, and glory, as thou canst command,
And win, and wear as thy legitimate meed—

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O'er thy department of the universe,
As—without trespassing on thy domains—
I will o'er mine. Let this, then, be our compact.
We both can reign here;—there is space enough
For our respective courts and retinues,
And widely differing subjects of our empires.
Nor will there lack deficiency of scope
For due and honorable exercise
Of our respective attributes and powers
As rulers o'er the minds and souls of men.
Weigh we the project in the scales of fitness;—
Fitness in loftiness of origin;—
In native dignity of character;
In intellectual and moral might;
In power not only to maintain intact
The august splendours of the royal state,
But even to increase and heighten them—
To raise them to a loftier exaltation
Than man's inherent love of Royalty,
And Earth's conventional estimate of greatness,
Already have upraised it in the scale
Of mortal glory and ascendancy—
Where shall we find, among the sons of men,
One that will bear comparison with thee
In qualification for imperial rule?

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Pity, indeed, that a capacity
For regal government—so great, so rare,
Nay so unparalleled—as that possessed
By thee—should even in this critical hour
Of Earth's necessities and aspirations,
And urgent need of such a sovereign ruler,
Lie in a dormant and unoccupied state,
And unproductive of those mighty issues,
Which its legitimate and appropriate use,
Would certainly bring forth, and thereby bless,
Enrich, and elevate the human race!
Eschew, I pray thee, all ingloriousness
Of aspect and condition, here on earth.
Hadst thou known better this world's occupants—
Hadst thou their glory-loving bias known
As I know it (aside) [for which I honour them,
Nay more—for this congeniality
Of taste with mine, have loved, and ever will
Love them, with all a fond Sire's warmest love,
And watch them with much tenderness and care;
Since thereby they exhibit and proclaim
Their lofty spiritual parentage, and prove
Themselves, my veritable progeny,]
Thou wouldst not have descended to this world
And dwelt and moved 'mongst its inhabitants,

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With that avoidance of all earthly pomp
And greatness, which has signalized, till now,
Thine incarnation, and career on earth.
Wouldst thou be honoured and esteemed by man
Shun, whilst thou art a denizen of earth—
E'en as its mortal dwellers shun the plague--
An abject and impoverished condition.
Renounce, at once, thy now ignoble state—
That humble calling thou hast hitherto
Pursued—the functions of an artisan—
And wherein thou, alas! so many years
Of thy brief space of being hast expended.
Alter thy mean and indigent appearance,
And utterly repudiate and discard
A social status, and a personal guise,
So ill becoming one, of thine august
Descent, and majesty of character—
Regarded as the eternal Son of God;
One of terrestrial pedigree, so lofty—
Viewed as the offspring of illustrious David.
Nor least,—put off that meek and lowly aspect
Distinguishing thee from all other men,
And forming so conspicuous a feature
In those corporeal and moral attributes,
Which, by their union and concerted action,

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Make up thy singular humanity.
That lowliness and meekness aye have been
Controlling thy deportment, actions, speech,
And dispositions 'twards the human race—
Or friends, or foes, proud, humble, rich, or poor—
In all thine earthly intercourse with man—
In all the social offices of life—
At home, abroad, in public, or in private—
In every stage of thine abode, on earth—
In childhood, youth, and in maturer years;
For which said virtue—if such can be called
A virtue—(let us give it its true name—
That scorn-provoking weakness) thou hast won
Inglorious and unenviable fame.
If thou art verily the Son of God,
How vast the contrast which thy present guise
Offers to that divine similitude,
Wherein thou erst appeard'st to Israel's leader!
Display thyself again in that august
Impersonation, and, though this world's God—
In right of my dominion o'er men's souls
And recognized supremacy on earth—
I will, despite my claims to adoration,
Ignore my Godhood's just rights, for a while,
And pay thee homage; take my shoes from off
my feet,

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And tread as softly the adjacent ground,
And with a reverence as profound as that
Of Israel's great Lawgiver, when he saw
Thee in the burning bush at Horeb's foot,
Or Jacob, when at Bethel he exclaimed,
"How dreadful is this place!—this is none other,
Than God's house, and the very gate of heaven!"
Yet not alone to Moses, or to his
Great patriarchal ancestor, were these
Displays of thy celestial majesty
Vouchsafed—since I myself, on both the said
Occasions, hovering near, beheld thee—as, indeed,
These eyes of mine had often done before,
Both on this globe, and in celestial realms,
In various phases of divine disclosure.
Nor had much time transpired, ere I, again
Gazed on thee, when on Sinai's burning summit
Thou didst, in awful majesty descend,
And, lifting that impervious veil which hides
Thy personal glories from the gaze of man—
Lest their effulgent splendours should destroy them—
Reveald'st thyself to Moses, and with him
Didst deign engage in confidential converse—
Him Mediator making 'twixt thyself
And Abraham's progeny encamped below,

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And delegating to dispense thy laws
To them, and through that race, to all mankind.
In after periods of that people's progress
Through the wild desert of Arabia,
I likewise have beheld thee—though in other,
Yet not less glorious aspects—whensoe'er
Appearing in thy wonted pomp and splendour,
To that most God-like of the sons of men—
That Kingliest of Adam's numerous race—
As I deem—though perchance thine herald, John
The Baptist, stands as high in thine esteem ;
And in thy graduated scale of man's
True greatness and distinction occupies
As lofty a position, as the adopted heir
Of Pharoah's daughter, and to Egypt's throne.
Thy truer judgment, also, may declare
That neither of this memorable twain,
In grandeur and true glory have surpassed
The prophet, in whose presence even Death
Himself, quailed, and whom that terrific foe
Of man—so fearless at all other times—
Dared not encounter as an enemy,
And strike with his all-else destroying dart—
Remembering well the prowess of that Seer,
In previous conflicts with him, and the wounds
And ultimate defeat, he then sustained.

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The illustrious trio—John, Elijah, Moses—
Forming, by their united work and presence,
Time's mightiest Triumvirate—may each
Have possibly attained like altitude
In thy divine and accurate estimate
Of mortal claims to greatness and renown.
Again, in periods of the world's career
Approaching nearer the existing time,
Have I had frequent opportunity
To view the dazzling glories of thy person,
When to Isaiah, Daniel, and Ezekiel,
Thou didst, at sundry times, reveal thyself.
In other places, and in divers forms
Of personal appearance, have I viewed thee,
When thou in distant ages of the past,
Hast deigned to manifest to creature-gaze,
Those dazzling exhibitions of thy person,
And heavenly equipage, which appertain
To the loftier and divine constituent
Of thy dread entity as the God-man—
Ages ere Moses breathed the breath of life,
Or ere to any of Earth's denizens,
Thy radiant form and visage were displayed—
A truth whereof, I need not to apprise thee,
If thou, as well as human, art divine—
Since, being, in virtue of thy deity,

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Omniscient, that, and all the incidents
Of eternity are laid open to thy view.
Shouldst thou thyself exhibit to the world,
In either of those glorious demonstrations
Of thy transcendent and divine existence,
Then would the whole intelligent creation,
In being's loftier realms, avow their faith
In thine identity, as the Son of God—
Acknowledge readily thy divinity,
And claims to creature-fealty and worship,
And render thee all corresponding honours—
Right loyally ascribing unto thee
Dominion, glory, majesty, and power.
Thus also would the world's inhabitants
Regard, and render thee all merited homage,
'Stead of esteeming thee, as now they do,
But a mere mortal—though a sinless one—
The common people, as their equal only,
Despite thy popularity amongst them,
Or, at the best, not far above them placed,
Whilst thou art by the worldly great and proud,
With supercilious haughtiness and scorn
Looked down upon, and greatly their inferior deemed.
Abandon, then, I pray thee, this too-long,
Too-rigidly-preserved incognito.

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Nor lies the ingloriousness of thy condition
Alone in humbleness and poverty,
In meanness of impersonation,
Attire, demeanour, low companionship,
And in the utter absence of all signs
Of earthly greatness, power, and distinction;
But likewise in the very character
And social aspects of the region where
Thy temporal lot has hitherto been cast—
Its territorial insignificance;
Its national decay and degradation;
Its transit from the dignity and might
Of a self-ruled and independent kingdom
To the status of a conquered Roman province;
Subjection to the sway of alien rulers:
Its outward and its inner lifelessness,
And the ignoble part 'tis called to play
In the momentous functions appertaining
To mundane states and their dependencies.
Though in the very centre of the globe—
Viewed in its geographical position—
Yet in comparison with other realms—
As theatres of human life and glory,
And deeds of sublunary consequence—
How isolated is thy native land!

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But—as if not contented with that quiet—
That separation from terrestrial stir
Which signalizes Palestina's coasts—
(Be its impoverished vitality
Ever so husbanded by Abraham's race,
And turned to the best possible account—)
Thou need'st must double the drear solitude
Attendant on continuous denizenship
In such an ostracised dominion,
By the rare habits of thy moral nature.
For whilst fraternal and affectionate
In spirit and in intercourse with men—
Discharging faithfully and genially
The functions to humanity pertaining,
In all their public and domestic phases ;—
Whilst daily interchanging with all those
With whom thou art in personal contact brought,
The amenities and courtesies of life,
Yet, by thy very spotlessness of being,
Thine unimpeachable integrity
Of heart aud character—thy purity—
Decorum—lofty principles and aims—
And strict fulfilment of the moral law—
Devotion, and deep thoughtfulness—together
With that abstraction and reserve of manner

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Which are the wonted fruits of such a bias—
To which traits we may add the want of all
Congeniality of taste and spirit
With the ungodly and iniquitous ways
Of men around thee, but especially
Thy fellow denizens, or those of them
Who by their vices vindicate their town's
Unenviable notoriety,
And tend, by their atrocious wickedness,
To perpetuate and augment its ill renown—
Estrangement and hostility towards
Thee, as the necessary consequence
Of such discrepancy, in heart and life
'Twixt thee and Nazareth's inhabitants,
And many other of thy fellow men—
Has been engendered in the mind and bearing
Of those by whom thou art on earth surrounded.
Their social sympathies and genial spirit
At first were shocked, then speedily subdued,
And finally withdrawn from thee—nay turned
To envy, ill-will, animosity,
And slander. These and cognate passions soon
Succeeded those more genial sentiments
Whereof thou wert, at first, the object—feelings
which

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Thine amiable, courteous, gentle manners,
Had powerfully drawn towards thyself,
Ere time and frequent converse had evoked,
And made more manifest to human notice
The inner and more elevated traits
Of thy transcendent moral character.
'Twas not alone the want of harmony
That thus obtained betwixt thee and the mass
Of mortals, in whose midst thou hast been placed,
And with whom thou hadst socially commingled—
Occasioned the disruption of those ties
Of good-will's mutual reciprocity,
Benevolence, love, friendship, and regard,
Whereby communities and individuals
Are welded socially and happy made,
And which had in thine earlier days attached
To thee thy fellow countrymen and formed
A bond of social union, promising
To be as lasting as it was sincere.
That link of human brotherhood was severed
By reason of the eloquent rebuke
Potentially, though silently, conveyed
To thy terrestrial compatriots,

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By unexampled holiness of life
And stern discountenance of wickedness.
And therefore is it that thou hast so oft—
Though dwelling in the very midst of Earth—
Seemed to belong to a far distant sphere
Of being, and been ever and anon in spirit,
Repairing thitherward in quest of scenes
And objects that are more in unison
With thine immortal and supernal nature—
Or seeking topographical excitants
To holy, heavenly thought and meditation—
Objects and vistas which not only through
Remoteness from mortality's habitations,
But also from their nearness to the skies,
And their associations' sacredness,
Were rifest of the pabulum best suited
To feed thine inner life, and satisfy
The yearnings of thy soul for lofty good.
Herein we manifestly see the cause
Of thine oft voluntary sequestration
From cities, towns, and other scenes of concourse,
And from all worldly tumult, noise, and strife—
Repairing eagerly to Earth's most tranquil,

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Through space—as each and all the heavenly orbs
Revolve in their appointed orbits,
In due obedience to the physical laws
Devised by thee, their Lord and Maker, for
Their order, governance, and usefulness
To the inhabitants of this fair globe—
Thou, doubtless, oft hast held sublime communion,
And in their fealty and obedience find
A closer and more perfect sympathy,
Than in the sentiments, pursuits, and deeds
Of the great multitude of human creatures
On earth—endowed, although they are, with reason
And all the lofty attributes and traits
Of intellectual and moral being.
How would the splendour-loving Jew recoil
With horror, indignation, and disdain,
If in thy pre[illegible]ent guise thou wert announced
As the Me[illegible]ah so long promised him !—
As Zion's [illegible]ulwark, king, deliverer !—
Protector,
[illegible]pherd, guardian, life, and peace !—
The glory [illegible] God's people Israel !—
The substa[illegible]ss of their typical oblations !—

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Most solitary places—such as mountain summits—
There with thine heavenly Sire to hold communion,
In prayer and holy contemplation—there
To hold sweet intercourse, in spirit,
With holy angels and with glorified saints—
Nay, even with inanimate creation;—
Nor is it wondrous that thou tak'st delight
In such society, inanimate though it be,
For in these taciturn associates
Thou seest thine own material progeny—
The creatures of thy marvellous skill and power—
The veritable work of thine own fingers—
If the diviner portion of thy being
Has not been misinterpreted by me;—
Since not alone this earthly fabric, but the whole
Of the material universe around us
Was the production of thy mighty fiat.
With their effulgence and propitious functions—
Their individual sheen and revolution
And the magnificence and harmony
Of their united splendors and career

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Through space—as each and all the heavenly orbs
Revolve in their appointed orbits,
In due obebience to the physical laws
Devised by thee, their Lord and Maker, for
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Of the great multitude of human creatures
On earth—endowed, although they are, with reason
And all the lofty attributes and traits
Of intellectual and moral being.
How would the splendour-loving Jew recoil
With horror, indignation, and disdain,
If in thy present guise thou wert announced
As the Messiah so long promised him !—
As Zion's bulwark, king, deliverer !—
Protector, shepherd, guardian, life, and peace !—
The glory of God's people Israel !—
The substance of their typical oblations !—

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Resenting, as an outrage to his reason,
And a gross insult to his nation's hopes—
Its lofty and most cherished aspirations—
An affirmation so preposterous.
What mortal could identify, in thee,
The radiant Star that Balaam prophesied
Should rise from Jacob, and the Sceptre wielder,
That would come forth from Israel (*Aside*)
(despite
My efforts to avert that prophecy—
Despite my mandates that he should denounce,
And utter withering curses 'gainst the race,
And of its future nought prognosticate
But lamentation, infamy, and woe)?
Art thou, indeed, the veritable Shiloh
Prognosticated by the heaven-loved Jacob—
Of whose descent to this terrestrial sphere
He spake so confidently to his sons,
When dying, and the antepast of which
So filled with rapture his prophetic soul?
Art thou the substance of that bold prediction?
And is it thus thou verifiest the vision?
Where, then, the insignia of thy powerful state,
As Leader and Commander of the people?
Where do we see unfurled the royal standard

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Round which Earth's nations are, henceforth to
rally,
And loyally accomplish thy behests?
Art thou, indeed the Hope of Israel--
Of him who strove with thee at Peniel—
Nor only strove, but overcame thee there,
When in far different guise thou showedst thyself,
And wrestled with him for the mastery,
But overthrew him not—although he was but
man—
And thou the Almighty Son of Heaven's dread
Lord—
So mightily, and all-subduingly,
Did he that trenchant spiritual weapon wield—
Believing, fervent, and importunate prayer—
The only arm that ever did, or could
Prevail and triumph o'er Omnipotence.
Yet didst thou raise to its meridian glory
Heaven's magnanimity and grace towards man,
By owning him thy victor in that fray—
Encircling with the Conqueror's crown, his
brows,
And to imperial rank promoting him
For his decisive victory o'er thyself.
Mysterious warfare!—wherein both the van-
quished,

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And the victorious parties have like ground
For triumph and rejoicing!—Yet so it is;—
Where one contending party loves to be
Subdued and overcome, and to the bold
Demands of the besieger to accede—
Surrendering to the doughty foe, not only
The fastness that is rightfully his own,
And which he had so pertinaciously
Defended 'gainst the enemy's assault,
But e'en the kingdom on whose frontiers stands
That fastness to protect it from invasion.
These, all, he unconditionally yields
To the aggressor, and forthwith permits
The valorous assailant to come in
And take possession of the citadel
And the vast territories it defends,
And which the foe's indomitable courage,
Daring, and quenchless earnestnèss had won;—
The victor being welcomed and rewarded,
By the erst holder of the garrison,
Commensurately with the violence
Of the besieger's battery and storm.
Aud thus it was that that sore-tried, yet much-belov'd,
By Heaven, and valiant Patriarch proved himself

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Amongst the mightiest of my foes on Earth.
(Aside) Ambitious, and insatiate combatant!
Aiming both God and Satan to o'ercome!
For not content with laying siege to Heaven—
Not satisfied with carrying by storm
The mightiest of its towering fortresses
And overcoming Deity, himself,
He needs must prosecute another war—
Must needs essay to overthrow my realm
And seek to annihilate my throne and sway
By leading to the field of moral conflict
That havoc-dealing and redoubtable corps
Of athletes in God's sacramental host—
The praying-men and women of this world.
Too well, alas! for me, and for my cause
On earth, did he himself, at Peniel,
Succeed in that audacious enterprise
Of aiming Heaven and Hell to overcome,
In the same hour, and with the self-same arms!
Then felt I sensibly for the first time,
That feeble man commenced a moral sap
Neath the firm basis of my monarchy.
And that destructive work has ever since,
Been carried on with ceaseless zeal and vigour,
By all the spiritual seed of Israel,—

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Who sharing their progenitor's wrestling
instincts—
His ardour, zeal, and importunity—
Though seldom in so marvellous a manner—
Have ever been besieging God's dread throne,
And simultaneously uprooting
My realm and potent sway o'er human souls.
These aye are undermining my strongholds—
Aye weakening the foundations of my empire—
Since with scarce less of vigour and success
Have Israel's countless followers, from
That day, assailed Heaven's throne and kingdom,
And, at the same time, resolutely stormed
My seat of regal power and government,
And will continue so to do, I fear,
E'en to the end of time—until, at length
My kingdom has been battered at all points
And the proud fabric utterly o'erthrown.
Peniel !—ill omened word, indeed art thou
To Satan's ears—and hast been from the hour
Of that belligerent exploit of Jacob's,
Whereof thou wert the unconscious theatre,
And which has rendered thee unrivalled 'mongst
The many and illustrious appellations,
Bestowed on Earth's renowned localities.

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Ill fated hour to me! although, to man,
An epoch so auspicious, and so hopeful.
Then trembled, to its centre, my firm empire,
As I had never felt it shake before—
Save at that moment, when in Eden's bowers,
The future advent to this mundane globe
Of that redoubtable enemy of mine,—
The Son of God—foretold to bruise my head,
As I his heel—one who should overthrow
The empire I had over human souls
Inaugurated then in paradise—
One who, eventually, would prove himself,
My circumventor, victor, and destroyer,—
Was predicated by no less a being
Than the Creator of the universe.
O! how intensely I abhor, and loathe,
The whole of that Heaven-supplicating tribe!
And ample reason have I thus to hate them,
Since they are my most powerful foes on Earth;
But chiefly when their spiritual oblations
Are wafted heavenwards by the violent gales
Of earnestness and importunity.
Mere *formal* worshippers I need not dread;
These favour more than they impede my cause,

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And merit rather to be ranked amongst
My valued friends than viewed as enemies.
In truth, the louder and the more they pray
The better I am pleased—though they themselves,
And those around them who admiringly
Behold their pious and devout demeanour,
Think otherwise, and take them as their models.
And well it is for me they think and feel so,
For thus they greatly my designs promote.
Nought that pertains to human action, thought,
And sentiment, in this terrestrial scene—
When viewed as man's probationary state
Of being, for a nobler, endless one—
Tends more to engender in the subjects of them,
A false sense of the soul's security,
And lap the immortal spirit in the hope—
The groundless hope of being rendered true
And acceptable worshippers of Heaven,
And meet to enjoy its sanctity and bliss,
Than this same tendency to formal prayer
In unregenerate and worldly minds;
And as the logical result thereof—
A firm assurance, in all such, of Prayer's
Unfailing efficacy, as a means

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Whereby the soul's salvation is secured,
Whene'er their pious zeal has for its base,
Belief in human meritoriousness,
And sanguine hope of everlasting life,
As the reward of their imagined goodness.
I therefore foster this propensity
In man—as much has lies within my power—
Instead of damping his religious zeal,
If founded on the illusive consciousness
Of personal merit and his claims to Heaven's
Approval and reward at the last Day,
In virtue of that fancied righteousness.
This is a species of religious service
I much approve. It serves my purpose well.
Man is so constituted that he must,
Religion, of some sort or other, have,
Wherewith to satisfy the claims of conscience;
And this is one that meets the *conscious* moral wants
Of most men in an unconverted state;
This offers to my schemes, as few obstructions
As any form of worship, perhaps e'en less
Than any other, or than none at all—
Since it averts from its deluded offerers
All sense of peril to the immortal soul,

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And lulls it into a profound repose,
When, in reality, there is no peace—
Nay, rather, strongest cause for dire alarm.
The oral worship of such devotees,
Being a heartless and mechanical thing,
And uttterly devoid of spiritual life—
Of broken, contrite-heartedness for sin—
Of true repentance, genuine godliness,
And all the essentials of true piety,
Is a potent moral opiate, whereby
Man's soul, at length, merges in a deep slumber,
From which it ne'er awakes, until it finds
Itself in my firm grasp—a grasp that ne'er
Its hold upon its victim will relax,
Throughout the cycles of eternal being.
To this externally religious life—
This pious homage of the knee and lip—
I strongly urge all those my votories
Enrolled beneath the banners of the foe.
It is a tempting snare to human nature,
With its innate devotional tendencies,
And yearnings—one I often bait my hook with,
When angling for the immortal souls of men,
Upon the banks of sublunary life's
Tumultuous River, as it rushes onwards

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Towards the ocean of eternity;
And many a goodly inmate of those waters—
(Beguiled by that enticing lure) have I secured,
And landed safely on the lurid shores
Of my wide-spread, and thickly peopled realms;
Thus adding to their countless denizens, many,
Who might, perchance, have otherwise eluded
My best concocted projects and expedients
Of a terrestrially-alluring kind—
Enticements the most fitted to provoke
And gratify the lust of flesh and eye,
Pride, covetousness, worldly-mindedness,
Ambition, envy, malice, hate, revenge,
And many other soul-destroying vices.
Therefore, it is, that through all time, till now,
I have encouraged, and until its close,
Will nourish this propensity in men,
Since, by their fatuous confidence therein,
And the false sense of everlasting safety
Which it engenders in its hapless dupes,
Their conscience is so blunted—so deprived
Of all its healthful sensibility,
That they enjoy well-nigh complete exemption
From the disquieting, yet wholesome knowledge
Of their innate and actual sinfulness,

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And consequent danger of eternal ruin.
Hence they effectually are deterred
Abjuring their allegiance to my sway
And to their vassalage proving recreant,
By fleeing from the appalling wrath to come;
By laying hold of the one only hope
Of 'scape from Heaven's inexorable vengeance,
And realizing everlasting life.
No fear that worshippers, like these, will know,
By personal experience, what is meant
By the dread terrors of the world to come;
The agonies of an awakened conscience;
An overwhelming sense of personal guilt,
And its attendant fearful looking for
Of fiery indignation from on high;
Destruction dire from God's appalling presence,
And the soul-blasting glory of his power.
But little consciousness will such experience
That they are in a lost and perishing
Condition, and in urgent need of Heaven's
Forgiving and regenerating grace.
No fear that such will ever cry out—'What
Must I do to be saved?' 'Lord, save, I perish!'
No fear that such will smite upon their breasts,
Exclaiming,—'God! be merciful to me

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A sinner,'—which the long prayerless reprobate,
By reason of not having had, through life,
His conscience drugged by spiritual narcotics,
And the soul's tender sensibilities
Impaired thereby, or utterly destroyed—
Flagrant though his delinquencies have been—
Is far more likely to be moved to do,
When in his thoughtful, life-reviewing moments
The erst oft-outraged conscience is aroused,
And its dominion and prerogatives
As Godhead's proxy in the human soul—
As man's admonisher, rebuker, guide,
And prompter to integrity of life—
Asserts, and with terrific power enforces,
And whereby is begotten in its subject
A vivid sense of his obnoxiousness
To the fierce anger of Almighty God—
To condemnation and eternal woe;
And corresponding impetus to cast
Himself on Heaven's illimitable mercy;
To seek salvation at its only source;
And, with the agonizing earnestness
Of one apprised of his eternal danger,
To hasten towards, and enter instantly,
The Ark ordained for his deliverance

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From the deluge of God's everlasting ire.)
To whom, but thee, point rapt Isaiah's words—
'Behold; a King shall reign in righteousness!'
And those more numerous and glowing pictures
Of the said potentate's terrestrial rule
Drawn by the pen of Heaven's chief laureate—
That mighty limner of the blessedness
And glory of the wondrous reign of him
Who is at once his offspring and his lord?
To whom, but thee, did thy great ancestor—
Israel's heroic Monarch, Prophet, Bard—
Address his stirring, martial invocation—
That soul-arousing summons of the Lord
Of hosts, to go forth to the fateful field
Of strife with principalities and powers,
Which in all after ages of the world,
Has been the war-cry of Jehovah's saints—
When zealous for the triumphs of their King—
The saints in Heaven, no less than those on
Earth?
But hark!—unless my apprehensive ear
Deceives me—even now I hear the echo
Of that all-penetrating trumpet-blast
Of dread Goliath's doughty conqueror,
Which erst woke Hades' inmates from their long,

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Deep slumbers, and reached Hell's profoundest depths—
Its fiercest spirits filling with alarm
And dire forebodings of impending ill;—
A blast, whose equal neither Heaven, nor Earth,
Nor Hell, will hear again, until that Trump
Is sounded, which on the dread day of doom
Shall wake the dead and call them forth to judgment.
Yes! even now,—though many ages have
Passed since the day when God, through David's mouth,
Blew that war-trump, and made its blast so loud
And terrible to the enemies of His Son—
Exhorting thee to stir thy zeal and strength,
And bring to Truth's assistance, in her strife
With Wickedness and Error, thy dread prowess—
As made their spirits quake and fail, through fear,
And all Creation tremble to its centre;—
Ev'n now, my ear—perceptive, as it is,
Of past, no less than of transpiring sounds—
Discerns distinctly the appalling larum
Descending through Time's intervening course—

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Louder and louder waxing, every moment,
And more and more distinct and definite
Becoming, as it rolls and verges 'twards
The confines of the present. Hearest thou
Them not? It is thyself they are addressing;
There is no vagueness in their import; they
Are clear and well-defined in utterance;
In them is nought uncertain, nought ambiguous;
Let me be their interpreter to thee.
This, then, is their soul-rousing, war-enkindling
charge;
List to their challenge of thy zeal for Truth;
Thy fury 'gainst the foes of God and man;
Thy disposition to put forth the power
Wherewith thou art therein accredited—
A power sufficient to defeat and crush
All who oppose thee or impede thy cause;—
'Gird, mighty One! thy sword upon thy thigh;
Deck thee with glory and with majesty;
And in thy majesty ride prosperously;
And thy right hand shall teach thee terrible
things;
Sharp are thine arrows in thine enemies' hearts,
Whereby the people all fall under thee,
And their rebellion and hostility

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Against thee are subdued and overthrown ! '
If that be not enough to dissipate
Thy martial lethargy, hear what a Seer,
Whose soul's previsionary faculties
Enabled him to penetrate, still further,
Futurity's arcana, and discern
The Conqueror thus summoned by his Sire
To the battle-field, returning thence in triumph.
What being, but of thee, spake Amoz' son,
When casting the time-comprehending glance
Of his prophetic soul down the long vista,
Embraced in after and eventful ages,
And realizing as a prominent,
Though distant, object in the spectacle
Presented to his vision, one of martial aspect,
Heroic mien, and blood-bespattered robes ;—
One who had manifestly been engaged
In desperate conflict with redoubtable foes ;—
One whose demeanour and triumphant bearing
Attested loudly that he had achieved
Valorous and mighty deeds upon the field
Of battle—deeds of unexampled import,
And pregnant with the most stupendous issues,
In future ages of the world, as they
That moment had with victory been crowned ;—

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One who had singly and unaided waged
Dire contest with his deadliest enemies,
And by his right hand and his holy arm
Had gotten him decisive victory; One,
Who had contended with and overthrown
Princedoms, and principalities, and powers,
And dragged them captive at his chariot wheels.
Whom was it, but thyself, that that great Seer—
Borne by the impulse of the Spirit down
The stream of many supervening ages,
And being, in imagination, brought
Into the immediate and the august presence
Of that illustrious personage and warrior,
Accosted with the loud interrogation—
'What mighty Victor this, from Edom now returning?
Who this, that with dyed garments comes from Bozrah?
This, that in his apparel glorious is—
Travelling in the greatness of his strength?'
To which bold query of the curious prophet
The heroic combatant at once replied,
'I that in truth and righteousness do speak;
I that am mighty to redeem and save.'
Which answer, though so unequivocal,

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Gave not full satisfaction to the yearnings
Of the Seer's laudable inquisitiveness;
He craves for details of the wondrous warfare
Wherein the dauntless captain he addressed
Had been engaged and conqueror proclaimed,
And therefore ventured once again to put
His interrogatory in such guise
As would, without incurring charge of rudeness
Entice the warrior into yet more full
And circumstantial narrative of the fight—
Renewing his enquiry thus—'Wherefore
Is thine apparel red?' which won the prompt
Reply—'The wine-press I alone have trod,
And of the people there was none with me;
For I will tread them in mine anger, I
Will in my quenchless fury trample them,
And on my garments shall my blood be sprinkled;
Their martial raiment I will deeply stain;
For in mine hand the day of vengeance is,
And the day of my redeemed is now come.
I looked around but there was none to help.
That there was none to uphold I wondered much;
Therefore to me mine own arm brought salvation,
And by my fury was my power upheld;

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The people in mine anger I will tread;
My foes I with my vengeance will make drunk,
And to the earth will I bring down their strength.'

Prophetic lore is on its trial now.
This is the crisis of its destiny.
Its truth and honor on thy mode of life,
As an inhabitant of Earth, is staked.
Its testimony's validness now stands
Arraigned and tested at the judgment seat
Of reason's scrutiny and arbitration.
Wilt thou not haste to its defence and succour?
Wilt thou not step into the witness-box
And give thine evidence in its behalf?
No testimony can compete with thine;
None will so powerfully sway the minds,
And influence the verdict of its judges.
The world around thee is that witness-box.
Live out, then, in thy temporal existence,
Its solemn and momentous utterances.
Embody them in thy resplendent aspect,
August demeanour, habits, speech, and deeds,—
And be attended by a retinue
In keeping with thy lofty state and functions.
And yet, thou standest not in need of aught

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That is extrinsically great and glorious;
Thou hast but to display thy presence there
In its inherent majesty and glory—
Omitting, from this moment, to disguise
Or hide, as thou now dost, from mortal view
The splendours that essentially are thine,
By the assumption of plebeian meanness,
Its abject poverty and wretchedness,
With all the opprobrious concomitants
Of a condition so contemptible.
O wert thou but to manifest thyself
To human observation, *as thou art*,
And let the world have occular demonstration
Of the essential glories of thy person,
Thy wisdom, riches, righteousness, and strength,
And vast capacities for sovereign rule,
Instead of cloaking thy magnificence,
As thou, so unaccountably, now dost!—
For that effulgent apparition, rife
As it would be of glorious majesty,—
Would alone prove sufficient to acquit
Prophetic utterance concerning thee
And thine august and potent sway, on earth,
From all indictment, or of perjury,
Or of intention to deceive mankind,

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As to the matchless majesty and might,
And governmental clemency and blessing,
Foretold by it to signalize thy reign.
To prove its verity and trustworthiness,
Thou needst but show thyself as son of God ;—
True to thine outward dignity and splendour,
As to the loftier yet less obvious radiance
Of thy transcendent moral attributes :—
Not needing to give verbal evidence there:
Requiring not to speak a single word
In confirmation of its truthfulness.
Thy personal identity alone
Will be an ample guarantee of that.
One glance at thee, as in the unveiled pomp
And grandeur of thy native royalty,
Thou standest there, will prove to demonstration
And to the utter silence and rebuke
Of the most sceptical of questioners,
Its absolute veraciousness ;—will fully
Authenticate its grandest utterances
Respecting thee and thine unrivalled glory,
And justify the gorgeous colouring
Wherewith its pencil lavishly adorns
It portraitures of thine impersonation ;—
Will make ostensible to all mankind

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That it has not surpassed the actual,
In its best efforts to delineate
The glories of thy person and perfections,
And the unrivalled majesty and power
Of thy dominion in this mundane sphere;
But rather that its pictures fall far short
Of the ineffable reality,
Whene'er attempting to depict the lustre
And benefactions of thine earthly reign.
Say, then; on which of all Earth's sovereignties
Thy ruling predilections have alighted.
For not to simply throw off all disguise,
And to display thyself to mortal gaze
In all the unclouded glories of thy person
And veritable majesty, as Son
Of the almighty Lord of Heaven and Earth,
Is it that we would counsel and implore thee;
But that from the terrestrial monarchies
Spread out before thee thou wouldst likewise choose
A fitting stage of kingly state and action—
A realm, whereon, by actual personal reign,
Thy regal splendours, pomp, and majesty,
And potency of rule, might be revealed
To human notice most conspicuously,

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And with the most beneficient results.
What empire, in its grandeur, glory, might,
And world-embracing compass of its sway,
So suited to thee as a theatre
Of exhibition for imperial splendour,
And as a platform for the exercise
Of governmental excellence and might,
As that of the world's mistress—mighty Rome?
Is it not stated in the book of Heaven's
Sovereign and irreversible decrees,
That thy dominion—as that empire's is,
Potentially—should universal be?
Is it not predicated there, that it
Shall spread from sea to sea, and from the river
To the extremest limits of the globe?
Thy kingdom, then, in Cæsar's empire is,
As to extent, already made for thee.
Although his subject, at the present moment,
Yet art thou veritably Cæsar's lord.
As being one with heaven's eternal king,
To thee he owes his sceptre, throne, and crown.
With all his glory, all his potency,
His sovereignty is but a vassal one;
He is a viceroy of thy Sire's creation;
And, like thy Father, thou'rt lord paramount.

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Why not, then, vault at once into that empire's
seat?
Give but one word, or sign of acquiescence,
And all the power and influence that is mine,
Shall be exerted to subserve thine aims.
Its throne shall be this instant dispossessed
Of its now occupant to make room for thee,
That it, by a far worthier, mightier one,
May, henceforth, more auspiciously be filled.
Or wouldst thou the more dazzling role enact
Of a great Conqueror, and realize
The valiant spirit, the redoubtable deeds,
And brilliant conquests on war's dread arena
We have, from Holy Writ's authentic page,
Just recapitulated in thy hearing,
'Tis equally within my power to place
Thee at the van, and in supreme command,
Of Rome's heroic and invincible legions.
But if not love of glory and of power
Will move thee to fulfil the destiny
Which Inspiration has decreed to thee,
Yet, as a philanthropic being, shouldst
Thou mount that seat of mundane sovereignty
And wield the sceptre of thy rule benign
Over the various peoples of the globe

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Comprised within the circuit its sway—
The baleful rod of the oppressor breaking,
The enslaved and the down-trodden of thy race
Emancipating, raising, and befriending,
And human merit, wheresoe'er discerned,
To the light bringing and rewarding duly.

But, possibly, there may be scenes of action
More kindred to thy tastes and aspirations
In the dominions of mind's universe,
Than in the palaces of potentates,
Kings' council-chambers, seats of sovereign sway
Over the conduct, will, and fate of nations,
Or the aceldemas of human warfare;—
Domains far better suited to display
To mortals thine imperial exaltation,
Unrivalled powers of supremacy,
And cover thine incarnate state with glory.
As the constructor of man's spiritual frame—
(Its all-wise and munificent endower
With intellectual and moral gifts;
Mind's co-sustainer no less than co-maker
With the almighty Parent of us all,
Of every order of intelligent existence,

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As well as of mere animal life and power,
And things inorganized and organized—)
What being could so fitly be enthroned
Upon the regal seat of its dominions,
In its probationary state on earth,
As thou ?—who could with like propriety
And grace, and with such mighty benefit
To the immortal subjects of his realm
Hold in his hands the reins of mental empire ?
And what a kingdom over which to wield
The rod of absolute supremacy !
On such a stage of regal power and action
Will there not be afforded thee an office
Worthy a Liege so mighty, great, and good ?
Wilt thou not find therein abundant scope
For exercising thine unrivalled power
And wisdom, as a sovereign potentate ;
And by thus taking in thine hand the helm
Of intellectual government on earth
Confer a vast boon on mortality ?
Is there no pressing need of such a Ruler
In the dominions of the human mind ?
Surely that lofty province of creation
Will not be deemed by thee in such a state
Of intellectual and moral health,

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Integrity, and beauty, that there needs
No renovating or controlling might
To free it from pollution and disease,
To eradicate whate'er therein is vicious,
Unsound, repulsive, and injurious :
To foster and develope what, therein,
Is truly excellent and beautiful,
So as, at length, to bring it to that state
Of absolute perfection which it is
Heaven's purpose it shall finally attain,
And move its infinite progenitor
To look down from his high and holy throne
Upon it, with complacency and joy,
And say concerning it—'Behold! how good!
The end of its creation is fulfilled.'
Is such a sphere, and are such offices
Accordant with thy wishes and designs?
If so, who can but vindicate thy choice;
For of all realms in the wide universe
No other is there so appropriate
To thy preeminent capacity—
Capacity to govern, raise, and bless.
In such a field of regal government
And arbitrating function thou wilt find
Matters well worthy of the oversight

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And anxious thoughts of e'en a King of Kings.
No insignificant or inglorious task
Is it for thee, or any Sovereign Power—
E'en though that power be thine eternal Sire—
To execute the kingly supervision
And domination of mind's mundane doings—
To rule with absolute authority
And necessary wisdom such a province
As human intellectuality.
What functions worthier of a heavenly Prince—
Whose individuality embraces
Divinity and pure humanity—
Nay what more worthy Him whose nature is
Exclusively divine, and without the alloy
Of manhood intermixed therewith—than thus
To sit enthroned amongst the sons of men,
As absolute and final arbiter—
From whose decisions there is no appeal—
Of the mind's good or evil qualities,
And products, as displayed to mortal view—
Combining thus the functions of the Judge
With those of an omniscient Potentate—
There to pass verdict on man's mental powers,
And deeds, and on the influence of those deeds
Upon the destiny of the human race;

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To estimate man's capabilities
In this exalted province of his being;
To ascertain the limits of his mind's
Range, and weigh righteously its manifold,
August and notable achievements;
To sift and winnow its abundant produce—
The wheat thus separating from the chaff—
The vile and worthless from the rich and good;
The pure gold freeing from the baser ore
Wherein 'tis bedded and wherewith alloyed;
To arrest the baleful workings of whate'er
Therein is false, impure, and poisonous,
And their effectual antidote supply;
To give the sanction of thy wondrous name,
Exalted station, and resistless will,
To whatsoe'er therein has solid worth;—
Nor only sanction them but loud pronounce
The guerdon of thy high encomiums
On what is truly excellent and great
Amongst the teeming products of man's mind,
In virtue of which lofty auspices
Their promulgation will be aided much,
Their advent heartily welcomed by his race
And their beneficent influence greatly strengthened.

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It will be thine august prerogative, there,
To investigate, severely test, and sway
With absolute authority and might,
The intellectual powers and doings of men—
To award the meed of hearty commendation,
Or pass the sentence of thy fierce displeasure
On those of its achievements, great and small,
Ephemeral and immortal, good and ill,
Wherewith the world has been enriched, or cursed,
And by the fiat of thine omnipotence
To bid some live and flourish, endlessly,
And others pass into Oblivion's realms,
Without or condemnation or rebuke,
But simply branded with indifference—
Not e'en deemed worthy of divine contempt—
And others to consign to infamy,
And ignominious banishment,
From the domains assigned for the reception,
The further culture, and deserved display
Of pure and rational human thought and language,
Legitimate hypothesis, and fancy;
To recognize, and bring to public view,
The unpretending greatness, worth, and beauty

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Of many of man's intellectual offspring,
And so display and propagate them through
Intelligent creation, as to bring
Their latent riches, loveliness, and power
Within the range of human cognizance,
Make them accessible to the race, at large,
And thus augment the general weal and joy;
To curb man's passion for wild speculation,
In his attempts (alas! how often vain,
Daring, presumptuous, and self-confident!)
To explore, unaided from the source of wisdom,
The dark and labyrinthine passages
Which intersect the realms of human science;
To solve the deepest mysteries of creation;
To force from nature her profoundest secrets,
To cast the deep-sea-lead of human thought
And of its scientific scrutiny
Into the occult ocean of causation
And prove himself the true interpreter
Of the most recondite phenomena
Of mind, and soul, and universal matter,
And as his plummet 'lights upon the back
Of some of the huge monsters (traversing
The unmeasured depths of those mysterious
waters)

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Which scepticism has engendered there,
He vainly thinks because his ponderous gauge
Comes, when drawn up again, charged plenteously
With the foul matter overspreading those
Leviathanic offspring of his doubts—
(Nay,—positive and reckless unbelief
Of Holy Writ's oracular affirmations
Concerning natural phenomena—
Repudiating, as he does, that one,
And only fountain of infallible knowledge)
Which it encountered in its downward course,
That he has veritably reached the bottom
Of the diversified seas of natural truth
Which were the scenes of his investigation,
And on these data ventures to descant
Most learnedly, and with no little pomp,
And arrogation of unerring knowledge,
On the dimensions of those various seas,
And on the nature of the ground they cover.
No earthly office is there so sublime,
So truly dignified and glorious, as
Thus sitting in imperial surveillance
And jurisdiction on the exploits of mind.
In Italy or Greece is offered thee

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A truly august seat of government,
As supreme ruler of Earth's mental realms.
Where couldst thou be more gloriously enthroned
Than 'mongst the illustrious sages of the latter,
Or, when surrounded by the scarcely less
Renowned, less affluent representatives
Of human genius in the classic land
Of beauteous and luxuriant Italy?
A retinue of matchless dignity—
One in full harmony with thy royal state,
And with the lofty nature of thy sway,
As Sovereign of the immortal mind's dominions,
Will ever be in loyal waiting on thee
In either of these notable high courts
Of intellect, to adorn and render glorious
The seat of thine exalted monarchy;
To execute thy sovereign behests
And shed due lustre on thy court and reign.
On whichsoe'er of them thy choice may rest,
Thou wilt find loyal courtiers there, in waiting,
To welcome thine accession to the throne
Of mental domination, in their midst—
Eager to bend the knee and pay thee homage,
And to thy majesty allegiance swear.
These courtiers are, themselves, great potentates,

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And have, for ages, filled illustrious thrones—
Although invisible to corporeal eyes—
And on their brows worn regal diadems.
Arts, Letters, Law, Philosophy, and Science,
And their superb and stately progeny,
Right loyally will own thy Suzerainty,
And deem it their chief dignity and glory—
The object of their loftiest ambition—
To hold their sovereignties in fief from thee,
And exercise dominion in this world ;
In thy great name and lofty interests, chiefly,
To rule their several provinces, and use
Their delegated agencies and powers.
These now await, with reverence profound,
And expectation high and rapturous,
Thy proclamation as their paramount lord,
And, after having placed upon thy brows
The noblest of all sublunary crowns,
To be by thee forthwith accredited
To their respective scenes of vassal rule.
Still, it is not desirable that thou
Shouldst merely sit upon the throne of mind—
In its terrestrial phase of power and action—
As its imperial governor and lord,
Arrayed in all the majesty and glory

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Becoming so preeminent a Prince;
Not needful only that thou shouldst there wield
The rod of empire over subjects leal,
And perfectly obedient to thy laws—
So faultlessly conformed to thy behests
That there is nothing in them to offend
Their holy, righteous, and ineffable Liege:
For thus no scope would be afforded thee
To exercise that all-subduing power
And wisdom, as a potentate of mind,
Whereby what is offensive or pernicious
In thy dominions might be overthrown,
And stamped out, or so revolutionized
And moulded to thy will and purposes,
That all its evil is transformed to good,
Deformity to beauty, vice to virtue,
Rebellion and disloyalty to love and fealty.
No fear, however, that as Sovereign of mind's realms,
A destiny, which, to a gracious soul,
Must be so unalluring, thee awaits;
No fear that thy supremacy o'er them,
Will be a merely honorary office—
A nominal glory failing to evoke
From its possessor all benevolent aim—

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All action to the human weal conducive;
Heaven knows the need is palpable enough
That some unerring and potential Ruler
Be seated on the throne of mind's domains—
One with transcendent mental power endowed,
Possessed of absolute authority,
And armed with might commensurate therewith
To execute his lofty purposes
In the momentous and benevolent task
Of renovating, healing, and exalting
Man's intellectual faculties and doings;
Developing their marvellous resources;
Enacting statutes for their rule and guidance,
Weal, culture, happiness, advancement, glory,
And progress 'twards their ultimate perfection;
A monarch fully able to subdue
And overthrow the mischief now so rife
In that sublime department of creation;
To strike at the foundation of the evil
By renovating the perverted bias
Of frail humanity, in craving, as
It does, for poisonous aliment wherewith
To satisfy its intellectual wants,
And by imparting to the mind full power
To furnish for itself such pabulum

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As will promote its health, and strength, and growth,
And gratify luxuriously its tastes.
Give then, thyself, I pray thee, from this hour,
To the fulfilment of this glorious mission.
Thus act, and we shall speedily behold
The mightiest exponents of mind's power
Come bending down before thee,—as thy leal
And loving lieges—thee acknowledging
Their rightful and infallible potentate,
Sustainer, guide, and prodigal purveyor;
Their diadems of intellectual glory
Adoringly down casting at thy feet
In grateful testimony of their homage,
Love, loyalty, allegiance, faithfulness,
And readiness to do thee zealous service.
And oh! how grateful to thy royal heart
'Twill be to see the nobler attributes
Of lapsed humanity's intellectual being
Restored to their erst state of excellence,
And power, and beneficial influence
Over the destiny of their possessors
And that of others brought within the pale
Of their attractiveness and potent action;
To likewise see the fruits of their due growth,

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Developement, and action in this world—
As these are variously exemplified
In lofty human thought, sublime conception,
Exuberant fancy, noble sentiment;
Art's marvellous creations, and its skill
In reproducing and in multiplying
Indefinitely earth's realities,
In virtue of its powers of faithful transcript;
Man's ratiocinative faculty;
His dialectic skill; inventive genius;
The captivations and sublimities
Of poesy; the ear-entrancing utterances
Of oratory, secular and divine;
Bold, but legitimate speculation—
Legitimate, by reverently avoiding
Antagonism to Truth's oracles,
Instead of recklessly defying
And running counter to the unerring dicta
Of their omniscient author and inditer;
Natural and ethical philosophy;
Researches and discoveries in Science;
Historical delineation's marvels—
Causing, through vivid power of description,
And faithfulness in chronicling events,
The scenes and the transactions of the past

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To be again exhibited to view
And re-enacted on the stage of thought
In every after human generation—
Evolving, 'neath thy mighty sovereign rule,
And reaching rapidly that beauty, might,
And grandeur, wherein is fulfilled the end
Heaven has in view in intellect's creation;
And all this to *thy* praise as intellect's Ruler,
And to man's welfare, honour, and renown.

To all these subtle, specious reasonings,
Expostulations, pleadings, and entreaties;
High praises, blended with remonstrances;
Perfect acquaintance with the word of God,
And apt allusion to those parts of it
Which bear upon the universal sway
And glories of Messiah's reign on earth;
Accurate knowledge of salvation's plan,
And of the line of spiritual demarcation
'Twixt true religion and its counterfeit—
Howe'er the latter may, in man's view, seem
To have o'erleaped that boundary line and found
A place, as well as name, within the pale
Of genuine, soul-saving piety;
His well-feigned interest in his captive's honour
And glory, as the true Immanuel;—

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Thus realizing Holy Writ's assertion,
That Satan, as an Angel of the Light,
Can, whensoe'er he wills it, to subserve
His baleful and seductive purposes,
Appear, and so sustain its character,
That e'en the elect may be thereby deceived;—
And every other effort of the foe
To make him swerve from his integrity,
The Saviour deigned no answer. For a while
Profoundest silence followed. The baffled Tempter
Stood, as a statue, mute and motionless—
Musing on his humiliating failure,
And pondering the many daring schemes
Which his prolific intellect suggested,
As best adapted to secure success,
Should he persist in his bold enterprise,
He, having found that his seductive wiles
When brought to bear upon the *moral* system
Of his intended and much coveted prey,
Had proved so utterly barren of success—
Though backed by all the craftiness of Hell,
And covered by a well-dissembled love
Of justice, goodness, rectitude, and truth,
And a deep interest in the weal and glory

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Of him whom he so laboured to beguile—
Resolved to assail the more accessible
And weaker functions of humanity
Existing in Messiah's sensuous nature,
And bring to bear on them the various
And powerful resources placed at his
Command, as regent of the power of the air—
That wondrous, though not limitless control,
Over the elements of the upper world
Which Heaven, in its inscrutable will and purpose,
Has delegated to this Evil One,
And wherewith he attests and triumphs in
His firmamental government and might.
To this end is Enchantment's marvellous power
Of mimicking, by its illusory creations,
The tangible realities of life,
Called forthwith into lavish operation.
No famed Magician's wand, or incantations,
E'er conjured up before the wondering gaze
Of the beholders of their godlike feats
Phantoms so multitudinous and life-like—
Scenes so astounding and magnificent—
As Satan, the dread King of Sorcerers,

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That moment summoned into feigned existence.
Egypt, and Babylon, and Nineveh,
As in the days of their primeval power
And glory ;—as they erst resplendently
Displayed themselves to human observation
'Neath the despotic lordship of the Pharaohs,
The Nebuchadnezzars and Sennacheribs—
And other of the great and long-defunct
Kingdoms and capitals of the eastern world,
Were from the grave of empires disentombed,
And to Messiah's view exhibited
In all their ancient grandeur, pomp, and power ;
The mightiest of their rulers being, also,
At the same moment, and by the same means,
Revivified, raised from their sepulchres,
And caused, phantasmally, to re-enact
The most imposing roles of their career
When reigning o'er those mighty monarchies.
Existing kingdoms and their capitals,
And other stately cities of the globe
Renowned as scenes of congregated life,
Intelligence, and notable achievement
In whatsoever tends to ennoble man
And raise him in the scale of social being,
Were likewise to Immanuel's gaze displayed—

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Some realizing, in that very hour,
The plenitude of their imperial, or
Their civic glory, and preeminence,
And power; others although then in their
Decadence, pregnant still with national, or
Municipal splendour, opulence, and might;
Rome, Carthage, Athens, Alexandria,
In their most proud and flourishing condition;
The riches, glory, state, and equipage
Of other and contemporaneous empires;
Vast and redoubtable armies on their march
Towards those great theatres of human conflict
Emblazoned on the page of history
And covered with imperishable glory
In the estimation of our combative,
And battle-fascinated mortal race,
By reason of the martial skill and valour
Thereon displayed, and the decisive issues,
And influence on human destiny,
Which signalized the victories there achieved;
Those earlier Captains of earth's martial annals—
The Pharaohs, Joshua, Abner, David, Saul,
Chaldea's mighty prince—Nebuchadnezzar,
Cyrus, Darius, and Miltiades,
The hosts they led to and controlled in battle.

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And those of their belligerent exploits
Which form the topics of the historian's pen;
Great Alexander on his world-subduing march;
Xerxes, and his imposing, motley host—
The mightiest army Earth has e'er beheld—
Ere they their place of rendezvous and muster—
The plain surrounding Lydia's capital—
Left, and commenced their ill-starred march on
Greece;
Cambyses, and his army, on their march
Victorious, to the empire of the Pharaohs;
The famous battles of antiquity,
And of more recent ages, yet remote
From those in which their potent reproducer—
Through supernatural agency—and his
August and passive prisoner then lived—
'Mongst which were those of Marathon,
Issus, Arbela, and Thermopylæ,
With many other celebrated fights
By land and sea—and of which latter, were
Eventful Salamis and Platœa;—
Nay, all that was alluring, great and glorious,
In the preceding annals of this world,
And in contemporaneous incidents,
Were into that vast shifting panorama

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Of the transactions of the past and present
Then conjured up by the dread necromancer,
Crowded, and caused successively to pass
Before the notice of the Nazarene.
But in the spectacles that found a place
In that grand living tableau—fabricated
By the great Sorcerer's necromantic power,—
Lay all the wonder, interest, and charm
Of those illusory creations
In mighty armies and redoubtable fleets
Seen hastening 'twards the field of martial strife,
And to the scene of conflict on the main,
Or as beheld in battle's deadly struggle
With brave and powerful antagonists
On their respective theatres of contest,
Or thence returning, beaten, or triumphant?
Had war—with its attendant pomp and honours,
Its unavoidable, or wanton havoc,
Its dazzling pageantry, its heroism,
Its victories, its territorial conquests,
And, through the pretexts which it oft supplied
For gratifying man's vindictiveness,
Or for displaying human skill and valour—
So far monopolized man's thoughts and aims—

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So utterly engrossed his interest
In things terrestrial—so absorbed his passions—
Revenge, ambition, pride, and avarice—
That naught on Earth, besides, could be displayed,
Wherein the mental faculties of mortals
Could find provocatives to exercise,
And matters to command their interest,
In unison with the prevailing taste,
The aspirations, and the needs of man,
Then, as in later times, and this our day?
Had this world's antecedent history
Been so unfruitful of the milder triumphs
Of life pacific, that within the limits
Of such fantasmal vistas they could not—
Consistently with Earth's unvarnished annals—
Be brought? Had Time, in previous ages naught
Achieved, or was it not that self-same day,
Abounding in achievements suited well
To soften down the fiercer blaze of War's
Resplendent spectacles and daring deeds,
The presence of whose stages of performance
And the attractions of whose bloodless triumphs
Might be so intermingled with the scenes

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Comprised in the grand phantom-exhibition
Then brought before the Saviour of the world,
As pleasingly to vary and adorn it,
To powerfully neutralize the horror
Excited in so merciful a mind
As that of his beneficent beholder,
When contemplating War's dire ravages,
And make it less discordant with the bias
Of Him who is the Prince of Life and Peace?
Not so: and, therefore, all that was enticing;
All that was truly great and beautiful
Amongst the various prodigies of Time,
In the then age, and all preceding ones,
Were brought within the visual cognizance
And mental apprehension of the fell
Enchanter's temporary charge and captive.
Not only were the marvellous works of Art,
But the rich treasures of Philosophy,
Science, and Letters, also subsidized,
And brought to minister to Christ's enjoyment.
These latter, like their representatives—
The wise men of the East—those Sages, who,
Within the bounds of that same temporal epoch,
In Bethlehem's manger at his feet had laid,
Offerings of gold, and frankincense, and myrrh,

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To testify their joyous recognition
Of his imperial rank and destiny,
(To whom they there paid homage) and avow
Their fealty and subjection to his rule,
Now virtually, though unconsciously,
Lay humbly down at his feet, through the medium
Of the dread Wizard's supernatural might,
The glories of their intellectual wealth.
To this end Greece and Italy's richest treasures—
The gold, and frankincense, and myrrh
Supplied by mind's most affluent dominions,
Were, first, as meet oblations, offered to him,
Then spread out as a sumptuous feast, wherewith
The Tempter might regale and satisfy
The æsthetic cravings of his august guest.
Painting and Sculpture, with their noblest offspring,
And Architecture's proudest fabrications,
In sumptuous order at his bidding came;
And in like manner as he had called up
Proud fleets, vast armies, hosts encountering hosts,
Large cities, populous communities;

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As he commanded had to reappear
Men of celebrity, of every age,
And instantly the summons was obeyed,
So also seemed he to have absolute sway
Over the loftiest provinces of mind
And the magnificent products of its powers—
As proved by swift response to his behests,
Whene'er the exigencies of the moment
Demanded their attendance and display.
The dread magician, therefore, needed but
To wave his potent and resistless hand—
Whenever impulse moved him thus to attain
The prompt accomplishment of his desires—
Or simply will the presence or departure
Of aught that he desired to re-appear
On that ideal stage of human life,
And reenact their famous doings there,
When instantly they came or disappeared,
As his seductive purpose might require.
Thus Intellect's superlative productions
Were rendered cognizable, both to sight
And hearing, by the man of Nazareth.
Philosophy and Science came before him,
Both in the persons and the utterances
Of their supreme and most renowned exponents—

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Though some had lain for ages in their graves.
Plato, and Socrates, and Aristotle,
And other sages of antiquity
In audible tones rehearsed their grandest lore.
Demosthenes and Cicero there were seen,
And heard declaiming with their wonted powers
Of eloquence, whilst Poesy poured forth
Its treasures, through the lips of its most famed,
Most mighty spokesmen—Homer, Æschylus,
Sophocles, Pindar, and Euripides,
Virgil, and Horace, and Lucretius.
Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon,
Were caused to appear and read their histories,
As they, at the Olympian games, had done.
The senators of Athens and of Rome,
There reproduced their lofty eloquence
And statesmanship—the ground then occupied
By the great Tempter and the tempted One,
Upon the summit of that towering Mount,
Being at the dread Magician's will, transformed,
At times, into the counterfeited Groves,
Academy, and Porticos of Greece—
Those famed resorts of its more famous Sages—
At others, into legislative halls
And forums—where the identical orators

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Who in past generations had declaimed
Therein (or on affairs of foreign policy,
Or wars, or insurrectionary movements
At home, deliberated and debated)
Were faithfully exhibited to view,
And their immortal utterances rehearsed
In strict accordance with historic truth.
But although ages and events of time
So widely separated from each other,
In chronologic sequence, were compressed
By the great Necromancer's skill and power
Into so brief a period, yet—despite
Anachronisms so audacious—
The incidents thus faithfully depicted,
Were, of all those which lay within the range
Of Satan's power of mimic presentation,
Best fitted to impress and captivate
The intelligent and reflecting mind of man.
In thus so boldly setting at defiance
Chronology's due order of succession,
And its demands for due regard thereto,
From both the annalist and dramatist,
So that historic truth might not be outraged,
The Adversay feared not to provoke
The looker-on's repugnance and disgust,

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Whereby the ensnaring influence of his feats
Might be diminished or made null and void—
Since Time, as he well knew, had, in the mind
Of him before whom it was thus rehearsing
Its marvels and allurements in the past,
At the potential bidding of his spells,
No days of reckoning knew—no times and seasons.
To him, as nothing, were divisional epochs,
And arbitray lines of separation
Of past from present, present from the past—
Marked for convenience of the human race.
He, therefore, would be little swayed by dates
Of aught that ever has transpired on earth,
When deigning to regard their spectral copies;
For all Time's humanly-computed cycles,
And all its wondrous incidents and issues—
Were,—when that marvellous personage was scanned
And duly pondered as a man in whom
Omniscience was corporeally enshrined—
All comprehended in a single glance
Of his, and all were equally the fruit
Of the conception, purpose, or permission,
Of his indwelling and all-powerful godhead.

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Now comes the final charge! Now hellish daring
And arrogant presumption reach their climax!
In this his last and reckless enterprise
To carry by assault the citadel
Of the Messiah's moral stedfastness,
Apollyon has resolved to stake the issue
Of his fell purpose, on a proposition,
So boldly blasphemous in its assumption
Of universal sovereignty and might,
That in the event of a discomfiture
His haughtiness, daring profanity,
Hate of, and vengeance on the Son of God,
For passing thus unscathed his fierce ordeal,
Might find an oral outlet and expression,
So fraught with grossest insult, as to prove
Compensatory, in some little measure,
For his humiliating overthrow,
And minister to him a satisfaction
Inferior only to the consciousness
Of a decisive victory o'er his rival.
'All these things, Jesus, will I give to thee,
If thou wilt now fall down and worship me.'
Thus spake the tempter to Jehovah's son.
To this demoniac offer Christ replied

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By the prompt demonstration to the foe
Of his true Godhead and almighty power—
As it burst forth in the resistless mandate,
'Get thee hence, Satan! It is written, thou
The Lord thy God shalt worship, and him only
Shalt thou—Jehovah's creature—fear and serve.'
The stern injunction was at once obeyed.
Down sped Apollyon o'er the mountain's side,
As some dread avalanche from Alpine heights—
Rocks rending in his lightning-like descent,
And scattering—as tempest blasts the chaff—
All intervening objects, till he reached
The mountain's base, when the earth clave asunder,
And gave him passage through it to his own
Dominions; whilst to his great Vanquisher,
Now solitary on the mountain's summit,
Angels are from the heavenly realms despatched,
To minister to his corporeal wants,
And bear him back in triumph to the distant
And hallowed land of his nativity.

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MUSINGS

AMONG THE

SWISS MOUNTAINS.

A POEM.

PLYMOUTH:

W. CANN, PRINTER, 10, DUKE STREET.

1870.

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MUSINGS

AMONG THE SWISS MOUNTAINS.

WOULDST thou see Nature in her lunacy?
Wouldst thou behold her in her frenzied moods—
Her aberrations dire,—with here and there
A lucid interval?—survey the Alps!
Could aught proceeding from the Eternal's hands,
'Mongst His inanimate and sinless offspring,
Be truly deemed abnormal or unsound,
How strong the impulse to soliloquize thus,
Whilst standing in the midst of scenes like these,
And judging things by their external aspect!
But let us not dishonour Him who formed them,

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By crediting their wildness of contour
With evidence of disorder or disease;
Nor run the risk of misinterpreting,
Or rendering less impressive, to mankind,
The wholesome lessons they are meant to teach
us—
As eloquent proclaimers of God's power
And dreadful majesty, as Earth's creator—
But rather show that we are sensible
Of His vast condescension and great kindness
In so profusely ministering to man's love
Of the romantic, grand, and terrible.
Yet though a part of Nature's family
Is thus exhibited to mortal view
In seeming isolation from their fellows—
As if free intercourse were perilous
To the well-being, safety, and composure
Of the material commonwealth, at large.
Yet e'en these seemingly excluded ones
Have little reason to suppose themselves
Shut out from friends and fond associates;
No valid ground to utter the complaint
Of having failed to win sincere admirers,
Or even ardent lovers from amongst
Her varied kin in the wide universe.

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Lightning oft holds fond dalliance with these
heights;
Whilst that dread heavenly Orator—the
Thunder—
The Lightning's rival in this mountain-wooing—
Despite its being her own progeny—
No less enamoured of these towering Alps,
Talks to them in subdued and loving tones—
A dialect well understood by those
To whom 'tis spoken, though to mortal ears
Vague, if not quite incomprehensible.
But so capricious is the animus—
So fluctuating are the moods and conduct
Of those impassioned elemental suitors,
'Twards even these their mundane favourites,
That not alone in amorous sportiveness,
Or with benevolent and kind intent,
Do they repair to their old trysting haunts,
And hover o'er their lofty Alpine charmers;—
Not always are the glances and discourse
Of those perverse and fitful lovers harmless,
To the vast objects of their preference.
Looks darted on them, yesternight,—how full
Of friendship, tenderness, and loving favour!
Those of to day,—with furious anger fraught,

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And devastation to their virgin breasts!—
Whilst wrathful thunders crashing o'er their heads
Embody their fierce anger, oftentimes,
In fiery bolts hurled swiftly down upon them—
Rocks rending wheresoever they alight;
As though these firmamental potencies,
Would, in this manner, humble and chastise
The towering pride, the daring arrogance,
And Heaven-emulating aspirations,
Of Earth, in thus so boldly trespassing
Upon the frontiers of celestial realms.

Dread hiding places of Omnipotence!
Majestic shroudings of that Lofty One—
The unveiled splendour of whose power and glory
No mortal being can behold and live!
With what magnetic force the clouds of Heaven
Are drawn 'twards these high places of the earth—
As though the Alps were their beloved home!
Nor can we wonder at their preference
Of scenes providing them with domiciles
Of such palatial and imposing grandeur.

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May a devout imagination dare
Regard these towering and stupenduous heights
As sanctuaries that have been built up
By the almighty Framer of all things,
Where those magnificent though vapoury creatures,
Might, whensoever they so list, repair
To worship their ineffable Lord and Maker ?—
Those empyrean-penetrating masses
Using as their high altars whereupon
To offer up to Him who fashioned them
The oblation of their homage* and their praise ?
Where more befitting theatres of worship—
Where Fanes more easily accessible
To such huge roamers through the firmament,
Or that are in completer harmony
With their own grandeur and sublimity ?
What Oratories more apppropriate
For offspring of supernal power and wisdom
So stately, and ofttimes so terrible—
Vapoury and unsubstantial though they be ;—
For creatures on whose bright and subtile bosoms

* O ye Lightnings and Clouds, bless ye the Lord : praise him, and magnify him for ever.—*Benedicite Omnia Opera. Church of England Litany.*

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The Deity deigns oft to seat himself
And ride, in awful majesty, through his
Ethereal dominions—as being more
In unison with his dread exaltation,
Than any other vehicle of transport
Inanimate creation can supply
Him with, when traversing the realms of space;—
Chariots whereon Messiah has decreed,
And uttered his fixed purpose to descend
From Heaven, on the last decisive day,
With power and great glory, as man's judge?
But let us, with a reverent mind, draw near
One of the many scenes, in this wild region,
Where such a group of nubilous worshippers
Have met in solemn convocation—there
To praise and magnify their great Creator—
As though endowed with consciousness
That Israel's monarch—as Jehovah's spokes-
man—
Had, in the days of yore, invoked their order
To celebrate their Author's power and glory,
And, as if eager to evince the zeal
And loyalty, wherewith they acquiesced
In, and obeyed the heavenly behest.
How awe-inspiring—how august the pomp,

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And splendour of their Temple-services!
But see!—their pious labours have commenced
How terribly sublime their ritual
Of worship! With hot thunderbolts they light
Their altar-fires! Their sacerdotal robes
Are dazzling lightnings! whilst appalling thunders,
Officiating as their Choristers,
Chant their Te Deums to the King of Glory.
Flash after flash—illumining Heaven's cope—
Denote the solemn robing of these hierarchs—
Ere they approach the sacred Altar, there,
To wave before Heaven's everlasting One,
Their mighty censers, reeking with the incense
Of their spontaneous praise and adoration.
But listen to their dread Magnificat!
Peal after peal of awful thunderings—
In quick succession following each other—
From peak to peak reverberating—till
Heaven, Earth, and Sea, and the adjacent Lakes,
Shake with the outbursts of their Hallelujahs;—
Whilst every province of Creation seized
With the contagion of their piety,
Responds, with warm religious sympathy,
And joins with them in offering fervent praise

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And loyal homage to the living God!
Ye rite-enamoured ones, who vainly think
To render your religious services
More pleasing and acceptable to Heaven,
By gorgeous and attractive ceremonials,
Adapted to impress the worshipper,
Through the imagination and the sense,
Rather than by the simpler forms of prayer,
And praise, and ministration of God's word
And ordinances, as becometh beings
Whom the Supreme expressly has enjoined
To worship Him in spirit and in truth,
And in whose view the humble, contrite heart,
Is the most reasonable sacrifice
That man can offer Him, whilst here on earth,—
How utterly the sacerdotal pomp,
So rife, this moment, in the sanctuaries
Of England's so called Protestant communion,
Are by Heaven-worshipping nature here eclipsed;
Nay rendered insignificant and tawdry.
How dazzlingly arrayed are Nature's hierarchy,
When in the act of worship *they* engage!
Night-scattering lightnings are their priestly robes.

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These, and these only, are the drapery
Wherewith they deck themselves, whene'er convened
To render glory to creation's Source,
In their more solemn seasons of devotion.
Here, all the worshippers are sceptred priests;
Nor do their vestments ever suffer tarnish—
Like those wherewith Earth's ecclesiastics robe
Themselves, through frequent long-continued use.
Each separate act of worship moves the actors
To bring forth from the inexhaustible wardrobe,
Supplied by the electric loom within them,
Fresh woven and resplendent vestiture,—
Their subtile tissue never losing its
Transcendent lustre—ne'er becoming sullied;
For this august fraternity of priests,
Irradiating and investing, aye,
Their mighty and translucent forms, therewith,
E'en in the very moment they emerge
From their own lightning-generating loins,
(When thus engaging in religious service)
Need never to disrobe themselves, and lay
Aside their surplices for future use;
Since, being always worn, in acts of worship,

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The instant of their fabrication, they
Are ne'er beheld, save in their pristine lustre.
So great their zeal for the Creator's glory—
That when they see Earth growing apathetic,
And cold in her devotions;—when they think
Her wanting in due sympathy with their
Religious zeal and fervour, and that 'twixt
Themselves and her, there coexists but little
Congenialness of spirit in the work
Of praising and adoring Nature's Lord,
Their indignation fiercely is enkindled.
Taking upon them to avenge Earth's torpor,
And consequent dishonour to their Sire
They cast at her their subtile javelins
In plentifnl and devastating showers;
Not only that they thereby might inflict
On her, a just and righteous castigation,
For her devotional delinquencies,
But likewise with the aim of rousing her
From her inglorious lethargy and coldness,
And of exciting to befitting action,
The element of praise still lurking in her,
Although in an ignobly dormant state.

Or is it that they are attracted hither

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To realize some mighty purpose linked
With their beneficent mission to our world,
Which here, and here alone, could be fulfilled?
Is it that they come hither as to their
Chief seat of learning, and of discipline
For their momentous offices as God's
Organs of vocal utterance to men's souls,
Through the external and corporeal ear?
Is it because they here can best receive
Instruction how aright to order their
Discourse, when charged with messages to mortals—
When ordered to proclaim to them God's power,
And loftiness, and glory, as Earth's maker?—
Since by transmission of such messages,
Through them, the overwhelming majesty
Of Deity's unmitigated voice
Might be so softened and attempered down
To man's frail powers of endurance, as
To reach his spirit without perilous
Results, whilst the same awful messages,
Directly issuing from Jehovah's lips
Might quick consume the mortal listener;—
Since being made adepts in the dialect
Of Heaven's eternal and almighty King,

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And in the recondite diplomacy
Of Heaven indoctrinated, they—
Familiarized with its deep mysteries,
And with the import of the protocols
Whereof they are th' expounders—might become
Trustworthy and befitting media
Of oracular communication 'twixt
The ineffable and infinite Creator,
And the poor, erring, mortal creature, man.
In this great College of divine legation,
And of celestial oratory, its apt pupils
May oft be heard rehearsing, under Heaven's
Tuition, their sublime and awful lessons.
In spiritual, as well as natural
Religion, Deity, has deigned to enlist
Their services, and made them powerful
Accessories in Salvation's gracious aims,
By causing them to act as stern apprisors
Of his demands on man's belief and love.
Are not clouds oft God's spokesmen here on Earth ?
Do they not speak to its inhabitants
In the dread language of Divinity ?
And does not man instinctively exclaim,

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Within himself, or realize, in emotion,
Whene'er he hears their solemn utterances—
That speak they high or low, remote or near,
Their voice is that of Heaven and Earth's creator?
And if intelligent man needs special training
To fit him for the various offices
Of human oratory in this world,
Need these not likewise ofttimes wend their way
To some such supernatural High School,
To obtain from their omnipotent Preceptor
Instructions how to regulate their voice
And their communications to man's ear—
As the dread Orators of the Firmament;—
As proxy-voices of Omnipotence;—
As bearers of God's messages to man;—
As the remembrancers of Deity,
When man becomes oblivious of his God,
And His just claims to human reverence;—
As Envoys and Ambassadors from Heaven's
Court;—as the sublime oral vehicles
Of the Almighty's lessons to our race;—
As solemnizers of the thoughts and feelings
Of the ungodly and impenitent;—
As stern rebukers of man's unbelief
In God's existence and dread attributes,

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As Maker, Judge, and Providential Ruler
Over the realms of matter and of mind?
And what more fitting scene beneath the Heavens,
Than are these half-way houses to the Sky,
For prosecuting their curriculum—
For their indoctrination in the will
And purposes of their almighty Lord,
Of whose mind, and whose sayings to our race,
They are so oft the dread interpreters,
By their mysterious faculty of speech?
But if these members of material nature
Be thus elected and ordained by God
To wield potential moral agency
O'er man's emotional and reasoning system,—
E'en as they wield appalling physical force,
In firmamental and terrestrial realms—
Administering to him divine reproof
For his short comings and delinquencies,
As a being formed to glorify his Maker—
Is it alone their mission to rebuke
Man's unbelief, or stir up in his breast,
Vague sentiments of *natural* religion?
May they not also aid to win for the Supreme
Out of the God-ignoring sons of men,

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Devoted, true, and spiritual worshippers?
'Agreed—that this material universe
Has power to engender in the human mind
Belief in God's existence, wisdom, power,
And love*—and to awaken gratitude
Therein, for earthly being, comforts, joys,
And all the blessings of this temporal state,
With sentiments of praise and adoration
To the invisible and unknown Source
Of so much undeserved beneficence—
(Unknown, in his more gracious attributes
Of pardoning mercy and redeeming love)
In short—whatever qualities make up
Mere *natural religion* in man's heart;
Yet how can Nature talk to fallen man
Of spiritual, soul-saving verities;—
How healthful sensibility restore
To the seared consciences of beings dead
In trespasses and sins?' Thus,—and thus only,
Can her discourses lead to saving issues,—
By delegated power from on high,
To re-awaken in the sons of men
Vivid and pungent reminiscences

* Romans i. 20.

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Of God's word read in secret, long before,
Or proclamations of redeeming grace
Made, in their hearing, by Christ's ministers,
In times past, but which then were heeded not.
Thus truths, which, though rejected then—nay scorned—
Had, notwithstanding, in their minds secured
A lodgment—though their holders knew it not—
Might, through the power and majesty of Nature,
Be roused from their long dormant, fruitless state,
And made productive—as an instrument
In God's hands—of belief and loyal service—
Be quickened into spiritual life and vigour
And caused to germinate and bring forth fruit
To the Almighty's glory, and the weal
Of the erst faithless and impenitent,
But now reclaimed, and spiritual worshipper.
Thus—the potential agency of Nature—
God's spirit acting through that agency—
Might ultimately prove effectual means
Of winning the delinquent soul to turn
Heavenwards, and yield allegiance to its God.
Is there then aught unseemly in the thought

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That Nature, in her most appalling aspects,
May prove subsidiary to God's truth
In its appeals to human consciences,
Affections, understanding, reason, will,
And in its saving influence on men's souls?
In the religious history of the past,
Are there no incidents to justify
Our crediting Nature with such moral power—
Nought that will warrant us to indulge the hope
That she may manifest herself, at times,
A potent handmaid to Jehovah's word—
A moral agent of no trifling power,
As an outrider of the majesty
Of Inspiration in its stately march
Through sin's dominions in this fallen world—
Preparing their immortal denizens
For the reception and due entertainment
Of so illustrious a visitor—
So truly regal and august a Power?—
Or as a humble follower in the wake
Of its blest advent to humanity,
And as the bearer of its glorious train—
In either of these high capacities
Essaying to impress on mortal minds
The dignity and glory of God's word,

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And its transcendent claims on man's devout
Obedience, homage, gratitude, and love.
Nor hides she from his view the mighty boons,
In this world and the next, in store for all
Who yield to its authority and sway.
Look at her attitude on Sinai!—
And her God-glorifying doings, there,
When she so signally her forces mustered,
That she might render all befitting homage
To her creating and sustaining God—
And worthily commemorate His visit
To this rebellious and degenerate world,
To promulgate His code of moral law
For man's observance through all coming time!
How zealous were her efforts to purvey,
On that august and terrible occasion,
Ostensible glory and magnificence
To the terrene environments of Him
Who is to mortal eyes invisible—
Expending lavishly, as she then did,
The vast resources placed at her command,
That she might furnish Him an equipage
In harmony with His dread majesty!—
Thus testifying, not alone her deep
And loyal sympathy with her great Sire's

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Beneficent designs towards our race—
The oneness of her holy aspirations
With the enactments of Omnipotence,
As the Lawgiver of the universe—
But her effective coadjutorship
With Heaven—in its administrative functions.
In this way Nature rendered mighty service—
Though indirectly—to Redemption's cause,
Since by the terrible, soul-aweing part
Played by her in the dread solemnity
Of Heaven's first legislation to our race—
Whereof Mount Sinai was the hallowed scene—
Man's stout heart was effectually subdued
And thus made more accessible to the voice
Of that august preceptor—moral Law—
Whose task it was, to bring, eventually,
The perishing and guilty soul to Christ.
And was not even Moses—Israel's leader—
The more completely fitted for his work,
As mediator 'twixt them and their God,
Throughout their sojourn in the wilderness,
By such display of Nature's majesty,
And pomp, and glory on that sacred Mount?
And did she not in later days—on that
Same Sinai—bearing then another name—

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E'en that of Horeb—when by Israel's Seer,
Elijah, visited—precede and make
That prophet's spirit more susceptible
To the still small voice which there accosted his
Corporeal ears—prefiguring, as it did,
The tidings of Redeeming grace and love—
The voice which comes to *us* from Calvary—
That voice wherein Almightiness enshrined
Himself, and wherein, He—despite its stillness,
And tenderness—careered ostensibly,
And with appalling majesty and glory,
Before the prophet's intellectual vision?
Nor can we marvel that Elijah quailed
Before it—and that when its accents reached
Him, he so promptly buried in his mantle,
His face—for though so gentle, small, and still,
Contrasted with the dire denunciation
'Cursed is every one that yieldeth not
Perfect obedience to Jehovah's law,'
Yet spake it to the moral consciousness
Of that redoubtable and fiery Seer,
In tones of thunder, of God's wrath 'gainst sin,
And of the terrible price at which His justice
Was satisfied, and man from Hell delivered.
For who dares say that lion-hearted man—

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Though fearless—was not, through the tempest, fire
And earthquake, which sublimely heralded
The advent of his heavenly visitor,
Made more impressible, in frame and spirit,
To the power of those scarcely audible tones,
Wherein Jehovah gave the prophet audience?
Was it not after she had been employed
By her almighty and omniscient Lord,
To expostulate with that erratic Seer,
That Jonah's wayward, disobedient heart
Was tamed, and rendered more impressible
To the suggestion's of Heaven's Viceroy, Conscience,
And that the pious element of his soul—
Which had of late been blunted, and deprived
Of its erst healthful sensibilities,
And its productiveness of loyalty,
Faith and obedience to divine command,
And zealous efforts to perform God's will—
Had, through his disregarded of Heaven's behests,
Nay, flagrant opposition to its mandates,
Become depraved and callous;—was it not
When God sent wrathful Nature to rebuke

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The prophet, and convince him of his folly—
Rebellion, and outrageous wickedness,
That he became once more amenable
To reason, and that steadfast loyalty,
And strict obedience to Jehovah's will,
Resumed their empire o'er his moral nature—
Inciting him to cry—'Yet will I look
Again towards the Temple of my God,'
And once more run the way of heaven's commands?
So jealous is she for her Maker's glory—
So eager to avenge—if He so wills it—
Whatever outrage, insult, or dishonour,
Is offered by the ungodly sons of men
To any of His lofty attributes—
His justice, holiness, almighty power,
Love, wisdom, mercy, and benevolence;
That even should the delegated task
Of executing on the guilty party,
The punishment their crimes have merited,
And Heaven's retributive justice has decreed
To be inflicted, bring upon herself
The dire disruption of her earthly system,—
(Or e'en its overthrow and dissolution,
So that the whole of her terrestrial framework,

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Be made to disappear from Time's arena—
As at the Deluge 'twas her fate to do,
(She being in her ressurrection state,
As now exhibited to mortal gaze)
By reason of the taint and the dishonour,
It erst contracted, as the theatre
Of man's transgressions 'gainst a Holy God)—
She ready is, and ever ready was,
To make so terrible a self-oblation,—
Though herself guiltless of the derelictions,
Which the Almighty's judgments have provoked,—
Provided heaven should thereby be appeased.
Nor disappearance merely, but complete
Extinction—and that not a partial one,
But in her universal system, earth,
And sea, and the vast empyrean realms—
She, likewise, ready is, to undergo—
And whereof evidence demonstrable,
Will, at the dreadful day of doom, be furnished—
When these shall as a scroll be rounded up,
And utterly vanish from the stage of being!
The self-same spirit actuated her;
The same dread promptitude did she display,
To execute a summary punishment

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On Korah, and on Dathan, and Abiram—
And all that appertained to them; the same
Intuitive knowledge had she of the will
Of Heaven, respecting the judicial part
Assigned her to enact on that dread day—
When without audible mandate from on high,
Or positive behest of God's vicegerent, Moses,
Enjoining her to punish the offenders,
Earth opened wide her devastating jaws
And swallowed up those daring offerers
Of incense strange, before the Lord Jehovah—
Together with their wives and little ones,
Their houses, and their households, and their substance.
Did not the judge-seer Samuel, in his day,
Evince his recognition of her power,
As an auxiliary to the more
Distinct communications of God's will,
And pleasure, 'twards his people Israel,
Which he, himself, by Heaven had been deputed
To make known, orally, to them? Aware,
Full well, of this susceptibility,
In mortals, to be awed by Nature's speech,
And to give ear to, tremble at, and heed
Her counsels and appalling threatenings,

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E'en when most prone to scorn or disregard,
And disobey the voice of Nature's God,
When through his ministers addressed to them ;—
Did not that righteous prophet earnestly
Beseech the Lofty Monarch from whose court
He was accredited to act as Envoy,
And oracle of the Divinity,
To shew to that perverse and stiff-necked people,
The authenticity of his divine
Commission, and to render it the more
Potential for the due accomplishment
Of its God-glorifying purposes,
By ordering Nature to display herself
In her more terrible aspects, and thus act
As the Almighty's mouth-piece to rebuke
Israel's dire obduracy and self-will,
And make them more submissive to His precepts ?
And what resulted from the Seer's appeal ?
What were its fruits ? Did Israel not relent,
And fear the Lord, and his annointed prophet,
And make a full confession of their sin ?
But she can minister to heavenly love,
And grace, and mercy, and beneficence,

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As well as aid in Law's inauguration,
And in fulfilling its behests when outraged ;—
Can prove herself a generous benefactor,
No less than a chastiser of mankind.
Yes !—she is quite as ready to befriend
Mankind, as to rebuke them for their folly,
Rebellion, unbelief, and godlessness,
And castigate them for such foul offences—
When 'tis the will of her great lord and sire,
That she should hasten to afford them succour,
And lavishly employ her vast resources
To shelter, and protect them from their foes—
Accomplish their complete deliverance,
And then rebuke—and if Heaven wills it—
scourge,
And finally o'erthrow their enemies ?
Did she not thus appear on their behalf,
In Egypt, and at the Red Sea ? Did she
Not there, e'en rend in twain, one of the vast
Members of her own body corporate,—
When other means of working their redemption
Seemed altogether unattainable,—
That through this rent in her material structure,
They might in safety pass and thus elude
The rage and violence of their fell pursuers ?—

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Thus symbolizing Him who opened up,
Through His own body on the accursed tree,—
Through the Red Sea of His own precious
blood,—
The way of man's deliverance from Hell,
His entrance into everlasting life,
And to the realms of heavenly bliss and glory!—
This great salvation wrought, did she not then,
By her Heaven-furnished skill and potency,
Repair that lesion in her mighty frame,
And therein bury, as the wound closed up,
In healing, all the deadly foes of those
She had so marvellously helped and saved?
Did she not also, on a smaller scale,
Thus open up a passage through her own
Corporeal frame, that Israel might pass o'er
And take possession of the promised land?
Yet not alone, in her terrestrial system,
Was her allegiance to Heaven's sovereignty,
Her sympathy with God's beloved people,
Deep interest in their safety, weal, and triumphs,
Promptness to succour them, when in distress,
Defend them from the fury of their foes,
Or aid them mightily to vanquish them—
Overtly, and effectually displayed;

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But—(as though Earth and Sky were, both of them
Together leagued for their advancement—both
Pledged, in a solemn treaty of alliance—
Defensive and offensive—with the saints)—
That sympathy, and that potential friendship,
Were equally evinced by generous Nature,
On Israel's behalf, in her more lofty,
Her empyrean realms, and by the powers—
(The effulgent, mighty, earth-illumining orbs,)
Regnant in that vast portion of her empire;
So that e'en Sun, and Moon, and Stars, evinced
Themselves alike in readiness to befriend them,
Should urgent, and unlooked-for exigency,
Necessitate their powerful assistance;
And, therefore, knowing well their Maker's will,
And purpose, that they thus should interpose,
These sovereign rulers of the firmament,
At Joshua's command—both well aware,
That he, as the commander of God's people,
In that behest but spake Jehovah's will,
And vocal utterance to *His* mandate gave,
As truly, as if, from the heavenly throne,
Itself, the fiat had at once gone forth—
In their sublime career themselves arrested,

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And for a whole day stationary stood,
Till the Almighty's and his people's foes,
Were utterly defeated and o'erthrown.
Then, shall we deem her an unmoved spectator
Of man's deliverance from Perdition's gulph;
And of the spiritual agencies at work,
Throughout the world, for his recovery
From the dire ruin wherein disobedience,
And enmity 'twards his almighty Sire
Has plunged his physical and moral being;
Or that the aid she renders Truth's blest cause
Is that of an uninterested slave
Forced to subserve her sovereign lord's designs?
Did she not testify her *sympathy*
With the designs and interests of Salvation,
And with the woes and ignominious death
Of its great Captain and Accomplisher,
When to its close and final consummation
On Calvary, he brought that mighty work,
Whereby atonement has been made for sin,
Full satisfaction rendered to God's justice,
And man, the actual offender, rescued,
(On the condition simply of belief
In sin's propitiatory Sacrifice—)
From his obnoxiousness to wrath divine,

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And from the endurance of sin's penalty,
In his own person, 'stead of Christ, his Surety's?
Did she not, by her sympathetic throes,
When witnessing her Maker's dissolution,
And by her presence at that spectacle,
To render love's last offices to Him,
In his expiring hours, to whom she owed
Her being, her sublime phenomena,
Her wondrous properties and offices;—
Herself arraying, e'en before His death,
In blackest sackcloth;—act there as her lord's
Chief mourner, and, by the dire pangs she suffered,
Throughout her varied system, solemnize
His dying moments, as became the offspring
Of such a mighty God and Sufferer?
Her loyalty to man's divine Redeemer,
Zeal for His glory, interest in His cause,
And kind solicitude for the well-being
Of those his blood had ransomed from destruction,
Ceased not at her Lord's death and obsequies.
Behold her, on the Resurrection morn,
Opening a passage for Him through the Tomb!—
Her earthly frame so trembled—through excess

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Of joy, at prospect of her Lord's uprising,—
That every barrier was thereby removed
To His triumphant egress from the Grave!
In answer to the prayers, or the behests
Of Christ's apostles and ambassadors,
How gladly she resumed her genial empire
In the persons of the dead, the insane, the blind,
The deaf, the dumb, the withered, and the lame,
The victims of incurable disease,
And all in whom her normal and benign
Dominion, had, through such calamities,
Been, for a time, abolished or restrained—
And re-display, in them, the attributes
Of sane and joyous temporal existence,
Both in their mental and corporeal frames!
Think not the spiritual kingdom of her Sire—
Then just established in this sinful world—
Failed to excite her deepest interest,
And anxious care for its well-being and progress.
See! with what eagerness she ran before
Paul and his colleague Silas, when in their
Victorious and beneficent career—
Their Hell-assaulting enterprise—they drave

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Salvation's chariot through the drear domains
Of Persecution's cruelty and thrall
At Philippi! See, with what moral power
She acted—as the Spirit's pioneer—
Upon the jailer's hard and wicked heart,
And all the hearts in his idolatrous household—
Subduing, softening, making them contrite,
Accessible to the Gospel proclamation—
'Believe in Jesus and thou shalt be saved—
Eternal life and glory shalt inherit';—
E'en as Elijah—whom the joyous consciousness
Of the forthcoming and abundant rain
Empowered with a supernatural might—
Preceded and outstripped in swiftness
King Ahab's chariot, till he reached Jezreel.
But her chief glory, her most loved employ,
Was, when her Lord and Master dwelt on earth—
To demonstrate how plastic to Christ's will
And bidding was her physical form and structure
Throughout her mighty and diversified empire;
To shew how absolute was her surrender
To his beneficent purposes and fiat;—
How willing and how prompt to undergo
Whatever transformation, both of phase,
Substance, and property—His needs, as man

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Required—His designs, as God, demanded—
That she should realize; attesting thus
Messiah's veritable deity—
And executing faithfully a mission
It was her chief ambition to discharge.
None can interpret quicker, or more truly,
What is her Maker's sovereign will and pleasure,
Than she—so marvellous is the sympathy
Subsisting 'twixt her structure and her God,
In all His purposes concerning her;—
For He has but to look upon her,—nod
His wishes,—nay, the will's volition, merely,
Transpiring in the mind of the Eternal,
Though unattended by ostensible sign,
Or utterance of His almighty mandates,
Suffices amply for her recognition
Of the particular service He decrees her—
And instantly His pleasure is accomplished.
She, therefore, ever ready is to assume
Whatever metamorphosis He wills—
Or in her universal system, or
In some particular portion of her frame.
Thus, at His will, the watery element
Of her organization—as it erst
Appeared before Him at the marriage feast,

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In Cana, instantly itself transmuted
Into the richest, most delicious wine.
Or, as above the firmament it floated,
In vapoury particles, and assumed the form
And properties of manna, and thence falling
Around the encampment of the Israelites
In the waste and arid wilderness of Sin,
Fed millions of God's people forty-years.
The products of her seas, and of her fields,
Under the influence of His benediction,
And 'neath the potent—the almighty touch
Of His hands, even though His Godhead, then,
Was veiled in veritable human flesh—
Are aggrandized, in bulk, and feeding power,
By multiples of hundreds—nay of thousands.
Yet, not e'en this much-prized, and lofty errand,
Could satisfy her yearnings to subserve
Immanuel's glory and that wondrous plan
Whereby fall'n man is reconciled to God.
Her passion and her prayer was this—that she
Might be employed as an ambassadress
In Heaven's negociation with our world
Touching the pardon and the restoration
To the Almighty's favour, love, and grace—
Through the great sin-atoning Sacrifice—

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Of that insurgent portion of His empire;
That she might be chief speaker in this mission—
The Aaron of the mighty embassy—
Embodying in her own peculiar accents
The dictates of the heavenly and divine
Inspirer and instructor, at her side.
Yet, as an handmaid only to the sure
Prophetic word, aspires she to be used
In this legational capacity—
Not as a substitute or superseder
Of Revelation's more momentous lore,
But as a mere *material* orator—
As furnisher of imagery, which,
Shall tend to illustrate and enforce its truths;
As the exhibitor to human minds
Of objects which, through their sense-striking power,
Might cause mankind the better to discern
The import of the Word's mysterious teachings,
And that through their diversified aspects, state,
And utterances, its heavenly Inditer
Might more impressively unveil to mortals,
The being and perfections of Jehovah
And his beneficent designs 'twards man;—
Her prayer was, that the noblest, fairest, best,

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And most resplendent of the visible things,
Whereof her wide dominions are so rife,
Might be incorporated in God's word.
Behold her prostrate at her Maker's feet
Exclaiming—'Here am I, O Lord!—a free
Will offering of myself, and my whole kingdom;
Use me in Inspiration's blessed cause!
To me be the high faculty decreed
Of acting as Heaven's limner, to display
Pictorially, to man, Thyself, thy Son, thy Spirit;
Thy boundless mercy, goodness, grace, and love;
Things past, existing, and that are to be;
Thy gracious and benevolent designs
In the behalf of all who love and serve Thee;
Thy sterner and judicial attributes,
No less than winning and attractive traits;
Thy punitive designs, no less than saving;
The appalling exhibitions of thy wrath,
And the dread execution of its fiat,
With equal truthfulness, and graphic power,
As when depicting thy resolves to save,
And bless, and glorify the sons of men.'
Exalted aspirations, these, 'tis true;

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Yet were they not too lofty to secure
The will and approbation of her God,
And the fulfilment of her large petition—
Beyond her utmost hopes and expectations,
And to her loyal heart's full satisfaction.
Accredited, divinely, thus to act
As the presenter of celestial lore
To mortals, in the tangible and concrete,
When deigning to impart to them instruction
Concerning God's existence, attributes,
And what has been transpiring in His mind,
Through the eternal and mysterious past,
Has she not immolated her whole being
Upon religion's sacrificial altar ?—
Has she not emptied the stupendous stores
Of her superb material imagery
Into the lap of sacred Revelation,
Whereby the import of its wondrous truths
Might be the better understood by man,
Than if presented to his mental view
In naked, cold, and abstract propositions ;
Since mortals, with their limited conceptions,
Need much to have the oracular unveilings
Of Deity's entity, eternal antecedents ;
Dread, lofty, gracious attributes ; designs

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Of vengeance 'gainst impenitent transgressors,
And the vast benefactions of His grace,
Arrayed in such objective vestiture—
Man's daily observation of the forms
And properties of such material things,
And his familiarity therewith,
Enabling him more clearly to discern
Their emblematical significance,
And profit more by their momentous teachings.
The mightiest and the most ostensible;
The most esteemed and indispensable
Of these celestial and terrestrial states
And objects—Life; Light; Sun; and Moon; and Stars;
Bread; Water; Wine; Hills; Mountains; Rocks; Seas; Rivers;
The Vine; the Olive tree; the Rose; the Lily;
The Apple tree; the Root; the Branch; the Manna;
The Pearl of great price; and the Gold of Ophir;
She consecrates as worthiest to denote
The worth and glory of Immanuel.
Nor have His glorious gospel, and His saints,
By Nature been o'erlooked, or disregarded,

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In her truth-picturing, adorning task,
Or failed to share in the rich colouring
Of her potential, vitalizing pencil;
Or been with less propriety arrayed,
Than their exalted Head and Potentate,
With the magnificent symbolic vestments
Of her redundant and resplendent wardrobe.
But so malinged, so travestied is Nature,
In this our day—in character, in aims,
In attributes, phenomena, and office,
That she would have this erring world of ours
Not only know how much at fault it is
In its interpretations of her system,
But, ere our present audience with her closes,
She fain would say to us what is her true
Position in the moral universe—
And what her actual theology.
Howe'er disloyal to Heaven mankind may be,
'Gainst *her* none truthfully can bring that charge.
Not as an *object* of the creature's worship,
Would she be deemed, by angels and by men,
But a devout and fervent *worshipper*
Of the one living, true, and mighty God.
Her ruling, aye-abiding sentiment
Is that of Christ's illustrious Forerunner;—

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His self-abasing exclamation, she
Has made her motto—when her Lord and Master,
His will, His glory, His achievements, form
The objects of her thoughts and wishes—'He
Must increase, I (frail, fleeting Nature) decrease.'
Those who regard her as but part and parcel
Of the Almighty God of Heaven and Earth—
Who look upon her as but visible
Outcroppings of the eternal Deity—
As but a portion of His entity;—
Declaring her the only veritable
Impersonation of the Deity
That ever has, or ever can be made
Ostensible to the intelligent soul;
(Nay—far more flagrant is their heresy
Than this—for they will grant Him no existence,
No attributes, no purpose, no design,
Save what is manifest to mortal view
In the wide universe of mind and matter—
In things inanimate and animate—
Surrounding us; but deem their marvellous
Phenomena, and varied evolutions,
The one and only credible revelation
Divinity has deigned to make to man

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Of His existence, attributes, and will—
Deeming their feeble and imperfect teachings—
(Feeble when with God's oracles compared)
As man's most perfect, most reliable guide
O'er the tempestuous sea of human life—
The best instructors of the human race—
Best founders, fosterers, and developers
Of the religious element in man ;
The soundest moral teachers of the soul—
Their lessons placing higher in the scale
Of spiritual culture and enlightenment
Than heavenly Inspiration's certain voice ;—
The fittest objects of Humanity's faith,
Intelligent and reverential worship ;)
All those, who thus insanely would make Nature
One mighty, all-embracing Pantheon,
Would wisely act to follow the example
Of *her* unswerving Monotheism.
The pantheistic views and sentiments
Of all such, she abhors, and laughs to scorn.
She is, herself, an overwhelming proof
Of their absurdity and groundlessness ;—
Rebuking, by her every phase and action,
Their folly and unblushing godlessness,
As she will prove herself their terrible scourge

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In the last dread Assize of quick and dead.
And when they bring their impious oblations
Into her loyal, God-adoring presence;
When they present those unclean, hideous beasts—
Fell unbelief in Revelation's lore,
And an insensate worship of creation—
To offer them in sacrifice to her;
When they the altar of man's mind and heart
So flagrantly profane and desecrate,
By causing it to overflow with blood
Shed from such vile and loathsome animals—
Insanely deeming Nature will regard it
As an oblation of sweet-smelling odour;
Because they offer it to her praise and honour—
And that the smoke thereof will to her throne
Ascend, as grateful incense—such as *must*
Be pleasing and acceptable to her—
Like King Jehoram, when his royal brother,
Syria's imperial ruler, sent to him
Beseeching he would heal the leprosy
Of Naaman, the Captain of his host—
She—as did that indignant potentate—
With unfeigned horror and amazement, rends
Her garments, at the daring outrage offered

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To Heaven's eternal and omniscient Sire
By her deluded human votaries,—
For placing to her credit attributes
Which appertain exclusively to Godhead,
And offering to her worship due alone
To the dread Ruler of the universe;—
Or as that great apostle Saul of Tarsus,
And his companion, holy Barnabas,
With indignation and unfeigned horror,
Asunder rent their garments, in like manner,
On seeing Lystra's pagan citizens
About to offer sacrifice to them—
Those poor deluded heathen having deemed
Their visitors to be Gods in human form—
With wrath and indignation is she fired
When man thus falsely, daringly, attaints her
Of having basely swerved from her allegiance;—
Of being guilty of disloyalty;—
Nay, even of high-treason 'gainst her Maker—
Which he, by implication, dares to do,
In thinking she would sanction and endorse
His impious ascription to herself
Of Deity's perfections, might, and sway;
In thinking *she* would share with man the crime
Of disacknowledging her God's existence,

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Supremacy, almighty power, and glory—
His claims on man's allegiance and her own—
And, as a necessary consequence,
Accept, well-pleased, man's homage, fealty worship,—
His soul's, and destiny's entire surrender
To her usurped divinity, and right
To universal and supreme dominion.
Soon she may give direful and manifest proof
That her now utter silence is but that
Of some dread slumbering volcano—just
About to belch forth its terrific lava—
Death and destruction spreading all around!
Thus she, ere long, may be by Heaven commissioned
To break forth on, and in remediless ruin
Involve these traitors to their heavenly Liege;—
First for the outrage they have offered Reason—
That noblest of the lofty faculties
By God implanted, in his creature man—
One raising him above all other beings
In this terrestrial scene of life and action,
And for whose culture and due exercise,
Divinity holds him responsible;
Next for the insult offered to God's word—

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Denying, as they do, the Omnipotent's existence,
As it is there made known to finite mortals,
And also his transcendent attributes
Of mercy, goodness, wisdom, power, and love;
His gracious purposes to fallen man;
The gift and incarnation of His Son;
Christ's sin-atoning sacrifice and death;
Heaven's offer of salvation to all those
Who in his name and righteousness believe;
And, lastly, that they have so vilified
Herself—so misinterpreted her spirit,
Her aspect, aspirations, utterances;
So greviously belied her evidence;
Ignored her God-exalting embassy—
As the proclaimer of His being and glory
To the intelligent denizens of Earth;
And strenuously laboured to involve
Her in the odium and dire infamy,
Wherein their treason had engulphed themselves,
By making her—according to their doctrines—
A countenancer and participant
In their heretical enormities.

W. Cann, Printer, 10, Duke Street, Plymouth.

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3

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

By J. [illegible]

PLYMOUTH:

W. CANN, PRINTER, 10, DUKE STREET.

1870.

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THOUGHTS

AT THE TIME OF, AND SINCE

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S DEATH.

IN Scott's departure Earth has lost, this day,
A mighty prince in Intellect's dominions!
All England deeply mourns the heavy tidings;—
How much more Scotland, whose famed son he was,
And who, in losing him, has been bereaved
Of one, who mightiest was amongst her mighty—
Abounding, though she does, and aye has done,
In men illustrious, potent, and heroic!
O'er many of Earth's habitable parts
His captivating empire has extended;—

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Not only those wherein the English tongue
Is understood, and spoken, but in lands
Whose denizens, though foreign to our race,
Have recognised its literary treasures,
And made themselves and their own country
men,
Possessors of its opulence and charms,
By giving them publicity in their own.
With sovereignty unrivalled he had wielded
The sceptre of Imagination's power
O'er all departments of his spacious kingdom—
Commanding the allegiance and the homage
Of countless myriads of the Globe's indwellers·
Evincing thus how truly he belonged
To that imperial line decreed to be
Enthroned as potentates in mind's domains.

Not satisfied with Life's realities,
Man is aye yearning for ideal worlds,
Or vivid reproduction of the things
That *have been*, and which he desires to see
Repeated o'er again upon the stage
Of mundane being, through the graphic power
Of some exuberant Imaginer—
Some mighty painter of th' eventful past.

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To meet this craving for the disinterment
Of beings, incidents, and stirring scenes
That ages since vanished from mortal view,
But which, when quickened by the magic wand
Of Fancy, may again be made to appear
On life's tumultuous stage, and re-enact
Their brilliant, or inglorious doings there,
The great departed was, in these last days,
The all-potential resurrectionist.
Vast were the spoils his re-creative power
Recovered from Mortality's drear realms.
Like the heroic Patriarch, of yore,
When he pursued, strove with, and overcame
The five kings who had taken captive Lot,
And all the cities of the plain despoiled,
And made them yield, without reserve, their
booty—
So Scott, in his fierce battles with Oblivion,
Contended with, o'ercame, and wrested from it
Much of the opulence of Life's romance,
Its chivalry, and notable events,
Which that rapacious spirit had amassed,
And hidden from humanity's fond gaze
In the treasure-vaults of its occult domains.
This potent, wonder-working Sorcerer,

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Had but to cast his piercing mental glance
O'er the depositaries of the dead
In his own, and distant lands;—had but to will
Their sleeping inmates to come forth from thence,
And instantly—as best might serve his purpose—
Kings, queens, lords, ladies, mighty ones, and mean,
And beings of all intermediate grades—
(True to their personal identity,
When actual dwellers here on earth—true also
To the historic records of their lives,
And doings,—for there were, who had therein
A place,—a good or ill renown,—as there
Were those who had no chronicled existence,
Or of whose being, and exploits, in Time,
Nought e'er had knowledge, save the fertile fancy
Of this great raiser of the dead, himself,
Who sated with his necromantic deeds,
Must needs to the Enchanter's functions add
Those of humanity's maker, and on earth
Place mortals of his own creation—there
To live, and move, and have their being)
From dissolution's slumbers were aroused
And caused to issue from their sepulchres—

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Exhibiting to view a faithful semblance
Of their once-living personality,
Their attributes, performances, and sayings.
These, at his bidding, Earth revisited,
And their respective parts played o'er again,
For that and all succeeding ages' pastime.
Thus Scott, for Scotland's glory and delight,
Did, what—well-nigh three centuries before—
Stratford on Avon's unexampled son,
Had, on a grander scale, and with a matchless genius,
Done, for the wonder and delight of man
In every land, and through all future time,
And, in so doing, showed man that in Shakespeare
Created intellect had reached its zenith,
And shone forth with meridian strength and splendour.
Though not avowedly a minister
To the more urgent, more momentous wants
Of man's immortal spirit, but, contrariwise,
A prodigal purveyor to the cravings
Of human nature's sublunary bias,
Nay, more,—a caterer to his terrene
Enjoyment, who not only furnished ample

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And savoury aliment wherewith to feed
And gratify the mind's already strong
And far too dominant propensity
To roam amidst and revel in the splendours
And pleasures of this transitory scene,
But vastly to augment that mental passion
By the munificence of his supplies
Of viands suited to regale their tastes,
The culinary skill wherewith they were
Prepared, and the unrivalled sumptuousness
With which they were spread out before his guests
And strongly tempted their terrestrial appetites
To banquet and delight themselves thereon;
Although the intellectual banqueters,
For whose enjoyment in their leisure hours
The festive board was so profusely furnished,
By this great Forager for the mind's delight,
Were, in their aspirations, rendered more
And more terrene, by what they fed upon,
And more and more importunate became
In their demands for aliment most meet
To satisfy, if possible, their mental cravings—
Yet to the honour of this sovereign ruler
In Literature's superb and wide domains,

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Ne'er did he pander to impiety,
Ungodliness, licentiousness of life,
Or to irreverent and profane discourse
On verities celestial and divine ;—
Ne'er to the world's vain laugh, or ridicule
Held up religion's holy mysteries,
Or any of its representatives ;—
Ne'er sullied he the lofty throne whereon
He sat,—the diadem that his brows encircled,
The royal purple that invested him,
And the potential sceptre he long wielded
O'er the august and teeming commonwealth
Of letters, by insinuation, thought,
Or utterance calculated to destroy,
Or sap the firm foundations of man's faith
In Revelation—those mysterious truths
Which are man's noblest heritage on earth,
The fountain of his happiness in Time
And through the endless cylces of the Future ;
Truths that alone enable man to bear
The cares and sufferings of this mortal life
And fit him for a loftier state of being.
Rather evinced he deepest reverence
For its divine and heavenly origin ;
Its pure and sacred teachings, lore sublime,

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Its exhibitions of Almighty power,
And grace, and wisdom, and the tendency
Of due obedience to its sovereign precepts
To embellish and ennoble man's existence,
And radiate his sublunary course
With hopes of life and immortality
Beyond this transitory state of being.
Chiefly for this—though not the less admiring,
Or thereby indisposed to pay all due
And reverential homage to the might
And glory of his towering intellect—
Has he commanded my esteem and love;
Chiefly for this, has he long occupied
A station of conspicuousness and honour
In the Wallalha of my memory—
Where are enshrined those mighty ones of earth
Who by their virtues, splendour, power, or fame,
Have blessed or glorified this lower sphere,
Or benefitted much their fellow men—
And through whose courts and teeming galleries
The grateful and admiring mind delights
Ofttimes to roam, and gaze around upon
The dazzling conclave of celebrities
So gloriously displayed to view therein,
And muse upon the memorable doings

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Which have imperishable made their names;
Yet most of all, for the last, crowning act
Of his illustrious terrestrial life
Whereby he testified, so signally,
His estimate of Inspiration's worth
And preciousness to man's immortal soul;—
For this,—that when the time had come for him
To lay aside his intellectual sceptre,
To come down from his lofty seat of rule,
Doff his bright diadem and royal vesture,
And from his sublunary throne-room pass
Into the chamber of disease and death,
He—thus brought face to face with man's last foe,
And called to encounter and do battle with
That terrible and dire antagonist—
Had the true wisdom to array himself
With spiritual and celestial panoply—
The only armour whereby such a Power
Can be contended with, and overcome.
Striven with, by feeble man, when thus accoutred
The overthrow of that dread enemy
Is certain; for, redoubtable as he is,
Receive he but one single earnest thrust
From God's word, wielded by the arm of faith,
When nerved and guided by celestial power—
He, virtually, is conquered and destroyed;—

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Most vanquished by man's spiritual entity
When himself Victor, in his fell assaults
Upon man's bodily and temporal life.
Addressing one of his devoted kin,
Then standing near his bed-side, to discharge
The last sad offices of filial love—
He sealed his sense of the pre-eminence
Of Revelation's voice above all others—
Within man's mental cognizance e'er brought;—
For, asking Lockhart that God's Holy Word
Be handed to him for his last inspection,
He called it by that lofty name, '*The* Book;'
But finding that his son-in-law had failed
To comprehend the object of desire,
Reiterated that high epithet,
And gave to the exalted prefix '*The*'
Additional emphasis—darting, besides, a look
Of censure and of eloquent rebuke
At his distinguished kinsman, in that he
Should, for one moment, deem it possible
That aught proceeding from a mortal mind—
Save when by plenary inspiration swayed—
Could merit so august an epithet;—
So unequivocally, in his view,
Did such a designation indicate
The unearthly character of the tome he sought,
And *its* sole right to that sublime distinction.

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LINES

Suggested by reading the following inscription on the Fly-Leaf of a presentation-copy of the Life of Sir Francis Drake to Admiral Lord Exmouth, by a descendant of the former, and one bearing his imperishable name.

TO

LORD AND LADY EXMOUTH

WITH

SIR FRANCIS AND LADY DRAKE'S

BEST RESPECTS AND GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCES.

Malvern Wells. 27th June, 1829.

HOW rife of deep and thrilling interest
This simple incident in social life!
How pregnant with Reality's romance
The thoughts and retrospections it awakens!
For thus, through Friendship's genial impulses,
Are brought into close contact with each other

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Two mighty and illustrious naval chiefs,
Though in Time's circuit placed so wide apart,
As actors on the fields of human strife ;—
Thus to the mind's eye are made visible
At the same moment, in the expanse serene
Of peaceful life's benign and joyous sky,
Two brilliant, potent, and beneficent orbs
Which had before, in widely separate ages,
Shone forth in War's portentous firmament,
And shed effulgence on the British name ;—
Stars, which had by the tutelary might
O'er Britain, and, through her, o'er all the world,
Wherewith their influence and career were fraught,
Swayed mightily the destiny of this realm,
And proved themselves Heaven's chosen ministers
Of weal and blessing to the human race.
Felicitous encounter, this, betwixt
The mighty living and the mightier dead !—
If immortality-crowned mortals e'er
Can rightly with departed ones be numbered.
What spectacle could prove more spirit-stirring
To all reflecting and true Englishmen,

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But chiefly to Devonians justly proud
Of those undying Worthies who have shed
Such peerless lustre on their native shire !—
How vividly suggestive, at this hour,
When Froude's historic powers are stirring up,
In many a Briton's breast, the slumbering embers
Of patriotic ardour, and thereto
Fresh fuel adding, as his graphic pen
Resuscitates, and re-displays to view,
The marvels of the Elizabethan age !
Drake and Pellew ! In one we recognize
This habitable globe's first compasser !
Likewise the bold confronter and defeater
Of Spain's, so-called, Invincible Armada !
In the heroic second we descry
The conqueror of Algeria's savage lord !
Happy conjunction of redoubtable names,
And memories which make those names immortal,
Their scenes of action, bellicose exploits,
The foes colossal they had fought and conquered,
And the inestimable blessings linked
With all these, in the thoughtful British mind—
As earthly friendship's gifts thus strikingly

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Exhibit them to contemplation's gaze!
How potent to awaken recollections
Of England's glory in the eventful past;
Her many brilliant naval victories;
Her proud supremacy upon the sea;
And her deliverance from the Papal yoke!
Not in his actual person, it is true,
Did Drake thus visit his compatriot,
As if to show, that like some modern Tishbite,
He had defied Death's devastating touch;
That in his race with Time he held his own
And kept abreast of it and its events—
Pellew's contemporary thus becoming;—
For Drake had had to wage, as well as others,
An unsuccessful contest with that foe;
Had been prostrated by its direful stroke,
And like all other mortals, great and small,
Save Enoch and Elijah, had succumbed
To that relentless enemy of man.
Yet Death had claimed but the corporeal substance
Of that illustrious departed one
Whereon to prey and work its ravages—
On it possessing an undoubted right
To inflict whatever havoc it might list—

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But o'er the nobler portion of his being,
That which most worthy is to be called man,
It had not, nor could exercise, dominion,
Or morally disorganizing power.
He still was living, in life's higher sense,
And to Reflection's optics visible.
Yes! it was in his '*Life*' that Drake appeared
To that brave follower in his footsteps—
Exmouth—
His 'Life,' as History had emblazoned it.
He came,—that he might amicably greet
The scourger of barbarian cruelty,
And liberator of its hapless victims;
He came to thank him that he had redeemed
From Islamism's fell and cruel thrall,
(As he himself had rescued in times past,
His countrymen from Rome's dire tyranny)
Those votaries of Christianity
Whom piracy had placed within its grasp;
And that because, as the executor
Of heaven's unerring and retributive justice,
He had inflicted on the barbarous author
Of their captivity and sufferings,
So richly merited a punishment,
And his strongholds so utterly o'erthrown.

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His visit's purport likewise was to render
Thanks, and encomiums pass on brave Pellew,
That he so oft triumphantly had waged
Contention with the naval might of France—
Our then most potent foe upon the main—
And England's liberty and homes, thereby,
Defended, and their sanctity and peace,
So greatly aided to perpetuate—
Ev'n as he had himself, ages before,
On the same vast, unstable battle field,
Vanquished and humbled fierce and haughty Spain.
He came to vindicate and eulogize
A life then verging 'twards its earthly close;
To loud pronounce the verdict of his judgment,
And tribute of his praise thereon award;
To say to the illustrious peer—'well done!'—
Anticipating thus the self-same verdict
Ordained to be, ere long, pronounced
On the great Sailor, in the court above,
By an unerring and far higher judge;
Foretokening righteous heaven's entire approval
Of qualities in the brave warrior's breast
Transcending mightily, in worth and glory,
Those which had so distinguished him 'mongst men;

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For although valour and philanthropy
Had signalized his brilliant course on earth,
As one of Britain's champions and defenders
He had not vainly trusted in his own
Heroic and beneficent exploits
In succour of oppressed humanity,
Or in his many signal victories
O'er England's mightiest maritime opponent,
And as her delegated instrument
To smite the oppressor and the enslaved set free;
In none of these achievements, nor the fame
He had acquired—though they had much conduced
To his country's glory, peace, and happiness—
Had trusted, whereby to secure God's favour,
And the salvation of his deathless soul,
But solely to the merits of that Saviour
Who on Gethsemane had agonized
And on the hill of Calvary had died—
The Just One for the unjust—that all those
Believing in Him might not perish, but
Obtain forgiveness, endless life, and joy—
For in this faith and hope Lord Exmouth died!

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A VALEDICTORY

TO THE OLD BIBLE-HOUSE, IN EARL STREET, LONDON,

ON ITS BEING ABOUT TO BE VACATED,

AND THE NEW BUILDING TAKEN POSSESSION OF.

BOUNTEOUS Dispenser of Redemption's tidings
To the benighted nations of the Globe,
And to the people in whose midst thou dwell'st!
For more than half a century thou hast been
The world's chief granary of Heavenly Truth,
Wherewith to satisfy the immortal wants
Of its soul-famishing inhabitants!
What countless germs of spiritual life, through that
Long period, have lain dormant in thine archives,
Till brought in contact with the precious souls

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God's sovereign grace designed, through them,
to save!
What potent medicines for sin-sick mortals—
What soothing balms for wounded consciences,
In men roused by God's Spirit to a sense
Of their pollution, guilt, and imminent peril—
(Through their obnoxiousness to Heaven's just
wrath)
And absolute need of God's eternal Son,
As their one only and efficient Saviour—
Have been stored up within thine hallowed walls!
What cherished memories thickly crowd around
thee!
Seems it not sacrilegious to hand o'er
For secular use, an edifice so holy?
If there be spot in Britain, or on earth,
More sacred than another, it is this!
With how much of this fallen world's salvation;—
Of christian missions to the heathen realms,
And their aggressions on the fastnesses
Of Satan in the hearts of sinful men,
Art thou not linked, in every thoughtful mind!
Shekinah!—'midst God's spiritual Israel
In modern ages of the world—art thou!—
For where, on earth, has the Eternal dwelt,

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So manifestly, in the midst of men—
As where that Word, which He hath magnified
Beyond all other effluences of Godhead—
(Nay, wherewith He identifies himself,
No less than makes the channel of His grace)
Has had its chiefest mundane dwelling place,
Been stored up so abundantly therein,
And thence gone forth, armed with celestial
might,
To save and bless all kindreds, tribes, and tongues?
Here, from the first, has been surrounding it
A brilliant galaxy of noble spirits,
As its imperial guards and retinue.
Farewell!—fond reminiscences of Grant,
Hughes, Teignmouth, Steinkoff, Wilberforce,
and Buxton;
Macaulay, Owen, Porteous, Wilson, Pratt;
And other kindred and illustrious worthies,
Whose shades so long have made this Shrine
their haunt,
As, in their life time, did their bodily presence!
But no; we will not say to them, Farewell!
Will they not follow with like faithfulness
And zeal, to its new Home, the Word of Life?—
Since 'twas not the material edifice

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That lured them hither in the days of yore
To hold their solemn conclaves and devise
Means for that Word's diffusion through the world.
But 'twas the Treasure that lay stored within it!
This—was the all-potential moral magnet,
That moved their flesh-freed spirits, after death,
As it had done, when they abode on earth
Oft to revisit this their favourite tryst—
To hover near its precincts; enter in,
And saunter through its stores and council room;
There, though unseen, commingling with the men
On whom had fallen their mantles, and o'erlooking
With deepest interest their deliberations,
And zealous efforts to promote the aims
Of this great Feeder of immortal souls.
What myriads of the human family
From Satan's direful sway have been released—
Made faithful followers of Christ, on earth,
Adorners of the doctrine of the Cross—
Soul-winners from amongst the perishing
Around them, and themselves eventually
Housed safely in the Garner of the Skies—

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Through thine heaven-blessed, effectual agency!
Ah! were the spirits of the just made perfect,
Permitted, by the Finisher of Faith
To trace back to their primal earthly scource
Those streams of earthly light, and peace, and joy
Whereby their souls were quickened, healed, and saved—
How many a native of enlightened Britain,
Of continental Europe, Africa,
Australia, Asia, and America,
And those outlying tracts of heathendom
Pertaining to the Islands of the Sea—
Would have to terminate their explorations
At this Spring-Head of everlasting truth!
How many souls, slain by the Spirit's sword—
Slain, that they thereby might be healed,—
And made inheritors of eternal life;—
If anxious to inspect the Armoury
Whence was first ta'en the two-edged, trenchant blade
Of God's word, which, being wielded by His power,
Was used to awaken, to convince of sin,
And sanctify, and save them from destruction,—

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Would have to look within this humble pile,
To gratify that pure and lofty wish !
In its beneficent influence here on earth,
And mighty largesses of heavenly lore,
To the sin-smitten progeny of Adam,
Is realized the grateful spectacle
Of a vast tree of life, whose world-o'erspreading
branches
Give shelter to the people of all lands,
Whilst in its leaves is certain healing found
For all their spiritual maladies, and woes.

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JESUS.

SUCH is the glory of that word, and such
Its captivation to the souls of men
Regenerated by the Holy Ghost,
That in their estimation it eclipses
The lustre and attraction of all others!
Methinks the Spirit of celestial beauty,
Desirous to disclose itself to mortals,
Had—in the search of some euphonious word,
Some vehicle of human utterance
Whose wealth and power of significance
Might furnish it with a befitting medium
Through which, thenceforth, to render manifest
Supernal loveliness to mortal sense,
And, by its marvellous melody of sound,
Its power, and eloquence of appeal
To every grade of Earth's intelligence,
Win fall'n humanity's homage and its love,

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And fully and for ever satisfy
The æsthetic yearnings of man's nobler nature—
Explored all tongues, terrestrial and divine,
And having tested, well nigh, all their treasures,
Yet, failing to attain the end it sought,
Encountered, happily, the Saviour's name.
And so enchanted was it with its music,
And its transcendent opulence of import,
That it, at once, therein enshrined itself—
Esteeming it the paragon of speech—
The wished-for goal of its long eager quest—
The stateliest of verbal habitations!
And therein it has ever since abode,
And so enchanted is with that pavilion,
That it has firmly purposed ne'er to roam
Beyond its peerless and entrancing precincts,
But make it its eternal dwelling place.

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ON THE PUBLIC RECANTATION OF INFIDEL SENTIMENTS MADE BY GENERAL — —, ONE OF THE EX-PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES, AND HIS PARTICIPATION IN THE LORD'S SUPPER, ON THAT OCCASION.*

HUSHED was the congregation !—Every eye
Was riveted upon a scene, than which
None more impressive e'er allured the gaze
Of a devout assembly. There, was seen
A veteran warrior,—one who oft had fought
Bravely his country's battles, and now filled
The exalted station of that country's Chief,
Seated, devoutly, at his Saviour's side—
His erst disloyal and erratic spirit,
Now teeming with affection to that Lord,
He had before so daringly denied,
And whose transcendent grace and mercy, he

* The facts suggesting these lines were recorded in the *Times*, and read therein, by the writer.

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So long had scornfully and madly spurned.
There, was beheld the wondrous spectacle
Of an inveterate and determined foe
To the beneficent overtures of God's
Redeeming and soul-renovating grace,
Laying the weapons of rebellion down,
And to the Gospel's just and merciful
Demands, surrendering intellect, body, soul,
Unhesitatingly. The penitent,
And heart-regenerated warrior now is seen
Plighting his fealty and undying love
To his soul's Liege and everlasting Spouse--
Seen basking in the spirit-healing beams
Of the unclouded Sun of Righteousness—
Rejoicing in the blissful consciousness
Of pardon and acceptance through Christ's blood,
Ere being by Salvation's captain led
Into the Armoury of grace divine
To be equipped in heavenly panoply;
Whence issuing, as a soldier of the Cross,
He, doubtless, valiantly will bear himself,
Upon the battle-fields of moral strife,
And wage relentless warfare 'gainst the soul's
Dire adversaries. He who had, of late,
Laid by his carnal weapons, to enjoy

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The well-earned blessings and repose of Peace,
Will soon be clad again in harness, not
With flesh and blood to wrestle, but to war
With unseen principalities and powers.
Such was the object that allured the gaze
Of the God-worshipping multitude convened
To share, or witness that supernal feast!
Yet even he, though nurtured in the Camp—
Whose spirit erst had revelled in the strife
Of battle-fields—as if war's perils were
Its loved, and most congenial element—
And to whose ears, the cannon's deafening roar,
And the clash of arms, were sweetest music;—
whose
Indomitable nature never quailed
Before a mortal foe—now bends beneath
The gentle sway of Jesus—gladly owns
Himself a captive of Sin's vanquisher,
And at the table of the Crucified
Seals his allegiance to the King of Kings.
Then—as the ambassador of Heaven presents
The emblems of the body and the blood
Of man's Redeemer, lo! contrition's tears
Course down the veteran's furrowed cheek.
Nor he,

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Alone, then wept; a holy sympathy,
With power and speed electric, spreads throughout
The solemn conclave; every eye pours forth
Its crystal treasures—tears of sacred joy
On viewing one more trophy of the Cross—
Another conquest swell the glorious train
Of the Messiah's ransomed—one more soul
Snatched from the grasp of Satan, Death, and Hell.

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AFTER VISITING DR. DODDRIDGE'S GRAVE IN THE ENGLISH BURYING GROUND AT LISBON.

RENOWNED explorer* of Religion's depths—
Thy task of gauging spiritual seas is done!
Finished thy work of piloting men's souls
O'er the tempestuous ocean of this life!
No more—as heretofore—whilst lying snugly
At anchor, in some well-protected harbour,
Enjoying a brief respite from thy toils,
And from encountering the many storms,
Strifes, and disquietudes of Life's wide ocean,
Wilt thou receive imperative command,
From the almighty Captain of salvation,
To weigh and sally forth to sea again—
Again to dare the perils of the main—

* Author of 'The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul.'

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To scrutinize still further its abysses—
And gain fresh knowledge of its mysteries—
Unsounded depths to fathom with precision—
Detect its sunken rocks and treacherous quick-
sands,
And scan the various coasts which fringe its
limits—
All accurately noting on the Chart
Designed to aid the christian voyager
Whilst prosecuting his eventful course
Through this world to a never ending one.
In spiritual hydrography's domains
Doddridge was, when a denizen of Earth,
Esteemed a wise and notable Surveyor ;
Nay more—he stood pre-eminent 'mongst mortals,
As a constructor of a spiritual code
Intended for such voyagers through Time
As have in view the port of heavenly rest,
And crave the help of godly ministers
To speed them 'twards their final destination—
Their Home, and sphere of everlasting being.
Not small then is the privilege we enjoy
To gaze on, in this foreign land, the spot
Where slumber, till the Resurrection morn,
The relics of his earthly tabernacle,

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And to his memory reverently pay
The tribute of our gratitude and love.
That port of safety and eternal rest—
The intricate and perilous course to which,
Thou to so many of thy fellow men
Didst take such pains to point out carefully—
Thou hast, thyself, long since, through God's rich grace
Attained; the anchor of thy blood-bought soul
Cast therein. There, for ever art thou moored!
Not many days have passed away, since 'twas
Our pleasing task to lay beside thy manes—
Or rather in their close vicinity—
The mortal relics of a mariner
(In England's naval forces long employed)
Who, in the last few weeks of earthly life
Had anchor weighed, and sailed forth from the port
Of unbelief and worldly mindedness—
(By God's regenerating Spirit urged
Thereto) that he, through trust in the atonement,
And with the Saviour for his pilot, might—
As well as other lost and perishing ones,
Who had, for refuge, to the gospel hope,
Fled, like himself, by Christ's constraining love,

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Reach safely the Jerusalem on high.
Not long was he in prosecuting Faith's
Eventful voyage, and safely reaching his
Desired haven. Yet as certainly,
Did he attain his heavenly destination—
Though setting out so late in mortal life,
With the design of reaching its blest waters,
And that his soul's immortal bark, therein,
Might ride throughout Eternity's vast ages,—
As the great Sailing Master by his side,
Who had, from earliest youth been traversing
The self-same scene of spiritual navigation,
And sounding carefully its various depths,
For the direction, comfort, and advantage
Of thousands of his fellow men on earth.
Both, now at anchor, ride in the same Bay—
The bosom of the Everlasting One;—
There, Master Mariners of Life's wide ocean,
And the least skilful voyagers thereon;—
There, those who literally had command,
On the material oceans of our globe,
Of gallant war-ship, or redoubtable fleets,
And humblest seamen under their control,
Stand on the self-same platform of condition,
And the same heritage of bliss enjoy—
E'en as their mouldering frames are equal here.

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THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

IF stones can preach—if stones can cry—
'Hosannah!'*
Then surely Leman's soft and plastic frame—
Having so much of Heaven, as she has,
Embosomed ofttimes in her tranquil waves,
Should be an eloquent worshipper of God!
This skilful Artist of the watery world,
In the ardour of her loyalty to Heaven,
And zeal to testify her homage, praise,
And readiness to render laudable service,
To nature's universal lord—to Him
To whom she owes her beauty and existence—
Employs herself by night, as well as by day,

* Luke xix 40.

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In reproducing, with fidelity,
And vividness of colouring, on her canvas,
The wonders of the visible creation.
She, by her diligence and truthfulness,
As a great painter of material Cosmos,
Her faultless skill, her reproductive might,
And power to multiply creation's wonders,
Incessantly is aiming to display
And magnify the wisdom, power, and glory
Of the almighty Maker of all things.
And well succeeds she in the enterprise.
Day after day, and each revolving night—
Save when the Queen of Heaven, and her train
Of radiant daughters, from the scene retire,
Her indefatigable pencil is engaged,
In humble, zealous, reverential efforts
To re-enact, as far as lies within
Her imitative power, and limited sphere
Of being, and artistic operation,
The marvellous fiats of Omnipotence.
Success triumphant ever crowns her labours—
Whilst thus attempting faithful portraitures
Of the magnificent and stately works
Which overspread and girt her all around—
Producing, as she does, true duplicates—

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Perfect fac similes of them all—their life
As well ss form, and outward aspect,
Delineating with her potent brush,—
When sister elements of the natural world
Frown not upon her in their angry moods,
Or look with envy on her limning skill,
But smile propitiously upon her efforts,—
Approving both the piety and zeal
For her Creator's honor, praise and glory,
Which prompt her to these grand performances;
Looking with wonder and deep admiration
On her God-glorifying handiwork—
The King of Day, himself, e'en condescending
To emerge from his pavilion of thick clouds
And gaze upon her whilst thus piously
Employed; with much complacency regarding
Her manifold and marvellous achievements;
Nor he, nor any of the sons and daughters
Of the Almighty that encompass him,
And over whom he is empowered to reign
With sovereign splendour, power, and dignity—
Loth to behold the portraits of themselves,
Wherewith her glittering gallery is adorned;
But rather pleased with the discovery
That any *sublunary* element

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Can furnish them with so exact a mirror,
And wherein they can aye behold their own
Forms, movements, and expressions, as they vary
With their own variable moods and aspects.
Thus, then—if atmospheric murkiness,
And consequent veilings of celestial splendors,
Impede not her pictorial avocations,
She ever is, in acts, if not in words,
Re-echoing the great Creator's mandate—
'Be thou—Bright Firmament—Sun, Moon, and
Stars,
Hills—Mountains—Forests—Rocks—Cascades—'
And whatsoever comes within the range
Of her delineative faculty
And the transcriptive powers of her pencil;
For she wields not her brush exclusively,
In copying the loftier master-pieces
Of the celestial and eternal Artist—
Those glorious pictures overspreading her,
In the heavens above—or the grand earthly
scenes,
And objects, that environ her fair form,
But whatsoever of His lesser works
May stand, or sit before her, for their portraits.
Nor solely the exploits of heavenly power

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Transfers she to her wide extending canvas;
But man's achievements likewise there depicts
With like fidelity and vividness;—
Towns, cities, hamlets, castles, villas, ships,
Or any creatures of man's genius, that
Approach her person, look her in the face,
And wooing her delineating skill,
Entreat a place in her porte-folio.

She fain, with all her fellow worshippers,
In God's inanimate, yet grand creation,
Would cast the fragrant spices of her praise,
Homage, zeal, loyalty, and adoration,
Into that mighty Censer, in the hands
Of Nature, which she aye is waving 'fore the throne
Of her almighty Maker, and through which,
The oblation of sweet odours, day and night
Ascends up to Him from His meanest offspring,
As well as from his human worshippers,
And with whose savour Godhead is well pleased.
But her religious offerings end not here.
Most anxious is she, likewise, to perform
Her part in Nature's august sanctuary,
As one of the vast band of choristers,

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Whose office 'tis to celebrate in loud
Anthems, the Universal Parent's praise.
And nobly she performs her office, since
The rich tones of her loud and musical voice
May be distinctly recognised, amidst
The swelling chorus of her fellow songsters—
Innumerable though the vocalists are
Composing that stupendous orchestra,
And who unceasingly are occupied,
In chanting their sublime doxology
To their creating and sustaining God,
And in ascribing to him, wisdom, power,
Dominion, glory, majesty, and praise.

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THE PELICAN SUCKLING HER YOUNG WITH HER BLOOD.

SELF-IMMOLATRESS of the desert—hail!
Hail! guiltless suicide—whose self-blood-sheddings,
Wherewith to feed thy craving progeny,
Make human love look poor, and put to blush
The vaunted yearnings of philanthropy!
Most self-denying, most benevolent
Of all created things which bear, on earth,
The name, and exercise the offices
Of mother—e'en surpassing the devotion
Of woman 'twards the offspring of her womb,
And the self-sacrifice to which it prompts her!
Though fabulous the amiable traits
That man has thus attributed to thee,
Yet, are we herein taught a mighty truth—
Nought less than that stupendous verity,
That the whole family of fallen man
Has been redeemed from everlasting woe

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And spiritually fed with the life's blood
Of Him, who died for them on Calvary—
Of Him, who is their Maker and their Sire—
Their great Deliverer from Sin's dire curse!
The worldling, peradventure, finds in thee
But little to attract his gaze; heeds not,
Perchance, the wondrous gospel truth set forth,
With such unrivalled emblematic force,
And beauty, and completeness, in thy famed
Parental benefactions. But not so
The christian, mentally, beholding thee,
And moved, by thy renowned proclivities,
To muse upon the wonders of the Cross,
To which thou pointest so ostensibly.
Beautiful emblem of the great Atonement!
Religion sheds a glory round thee, that
The most resplendent of the feathered tribe
Boast not;—a glory that eclipses far,
That which the famous Bird of Paradise,
Or gorgeous Peacock, to its plumage owes;
Or such as gathers round the stately Swan,
When seen majestically sailing o'er
The bosom of some heaven-reflecting Lake;
Or king-like Eagles, in their flight sublime.
For where, throughout the habitable globe—
In whatsoever region we may look—

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Explore we every phase of vitalized,
Or of inanimate existence—where
Shall we behold presented to man's view
A picture, so impressive, of that great
Transaction—in whose issues are involved,
More than in aught else, man's terrestrial weal,
His everlasting life and happiness?
Roam we the animal creation, through,
Where shall we find, 'midst all the tenderness,
Self-abnegation, bounteousnes, and love,
Obtaining in its various families,
So beauteous and significant a type
Of the great Sacrifice for human guilt?
Fable has great and honourable aid,
Here rendered to the cause of Sacred Truth—
Falling but little short—nay, far outstripping
Time's actualities, in picturing
To mortal minds, the tenderer attributes
Of the God-Man deliverer of our race,
And in exemplifying, to the life,
Those self-consuming, paidophilean traits
Of His, so prominently brought to view
In Inspiration's rich and wondrous lore—
And forming its chief burden—its chief glory.
Range, as we may, through the prefigurements
Pertaining to the old economy—

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Portentous though they are of that great Feeder
Of men's immortal souls with His life's blood—
Outpouring, as he did, that vital fluid,
E'en to the death, that they might perish not,
But live with Him for ever in the heavens ;—
Scan, as we may, the sacrificial types
Of prediluvial, post-diluvial times—
As viewed in patriarchal history
Or in the oblations of the Jewish code—
Where shall we find, mongst all the various types,
And mystical foreshadowings of the One
Great Sacrifice for cancelling man's guilt
From Abel's offering even to the days
Of the great heavenly Antetype, himself—
Aught in such symbols, and prefigurements
Of the great Blood-Bequeather to mankind,
That shadows forth the voluntariness,
The spontaneity of self-oblation,
The zeal intense, the passion to lay down
Life, in behalf of those, who could alone be saved
Through such spontaneous legacies of blood,
By their propitiatory Sacrifice—
As that presented in the fabulous
Self-offerings of this feathered denizen
Of the inhospitable wilderness !

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LIGHT.

FIRST-BORN of that dread fiat which called forth
The glories of the visible universe
From out of chaos! Wisdom finds in thee
Her fittest emblem!—the Eternal God
The noblest dwelling which the whole creation
Can offer to his notice and acceptance!
In Light—as saith the Scripture—he enshrines
Himself!—this is his most august pavilion!
Nor merely as a regal habitation
Has Deity made choice of its effulgence,
But also as a veil to screen from mortals
The insufferable glories of His presence.
Amongst the manifold and glorious vestures
Forming the wardrobe of the Godhead, light
Is that wherewith He most delights to clothe

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Himself--around Him casting its bright beams
E'en as a Monarch, ere about to appear
In some grand ceremonial of the State,
With gorgeous robes arrays the royal person.
Thou art that element of nature, which,
Illustrates best God's marvellous perfections!
He bids man in thy properties behold
The grandest definition of Himself—
Declaring, in His word, that 'God is light.'
Thou art the soul of beauty! for without
Thy radiance vainly would the Welkin boast
Its glittering and innumerable worlds;
Without avail would Earth's refreshing verdure;—
Her marvellous mosaic of hill, dale,
Lakes, rivers, mountains, woods, and plains,—
Flora her lovely offspring—or the Clouds
Their wondrous drapery—the Deep its wonders—
Appeal to mortal sense and contemplation,
And hope to win the admiring gaze of man.
Well suited though this dazzling effluence is
To furnish a befitting cognomen
For the almighty God of heaven and earth,
Yet has not the divine paternity
Monopolized its splendours to himself,

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But fain would have his much loved Son share
with Him
The glories of an appellation—
Than which the nomenclature of the Skies
Possesses none more lofty and sublime—
And therefore He has given it as a name
To man's Redeemer; meet epithet for One,
Who is the brightness of his Father's glory—
The veritable image of His person!

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THE DOVE
AND
THE OLIVE LEAF.

WELCOME! thou meekest of the feathered tribe!
Welcome! sweet bird! Come perch upon the hand
Of Noah, and relate thy distant flight.
We sent thee on a voyage of mighty import;
What tidings bringst thou? Ah! that Olive-leaf
Proves thou hast been successful in thy search.
Bird! little heedst thou what a glorious task
Thou hast achieved!—one of such magnitude
And glory, that the loftiest of mankind
Might envy thee its grandeur and importance.
Vast will the issues be, throughout all time,
Of thy wide roamings and far-ranging vision!
How many of our race, in after ages,
Will make it their chief aim, as mundane workers,
To follow, in some measure, thine example,

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And, by their powers of exploration, seek
To win celebrity and world-wide fame,
As travellers o'er, and scanners of Earth's surface!
Yet even they—resplendent as their deeds
May be, and fraught with blessings to mankind,
Must all—as Globe-explorers—be eclipsed
By thee, and thy sublime exploit, this day—
Revealing, and proclaiming, as thou dost,
Earth's second birth—her re-epiphany
Upon Time's stage. *Their* revelations will
Be small indeed, and unimportant, when
Compared with thy disclosures—at the most,
Exceeding not a tenth part of thine own,
In worth, in grandeur, and magnificence.
Hail, then, thou first, and chief of travellers!
Thou art *the World's* discoverer, gentle bird!
From henceforth, thou, 'mongst all who wing their flight
Through ether, shalt attain the highest seat
In man's affections. List, thou soft-eyed one;
Ev'n God's eternal Spirit will make choice
Of thy fair semblance when to mortal eyes
He shall unveil Himself; and as thou now
The world's existence, so, in thy fair guise,
Shall He declare its Saviour. Dove, farewell!

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4

JOHN THE BAPTIST.

A POEM.

By J [illegible]

PLYMOUTH:

W. CANN, PRINTER, 10, DUKE STREET.

1870.

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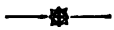
JOHN THE BAPTIST.



THE time appointed for Messiah's advent,
Being near at hand, th' illustrious prophet,
John,
By heaven is ordained to be the herald
Of this dread Potentate of Potentates—
This King of Kings—Immanuel, God with us!
Than John the Baptist, none of woman born,
Was ever greater;—this the unerring verdict
Of Him, whose coming, John was to proclaim.
'Twas meet that such should be the human
grandeur
Of the forerunner of the mighty God,
The Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace!—
Of one, who in the economy of Grace
Had functions so momentous to discharge.

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And now the Mothers of these mighty ones—
The mighty prophet and his mightier Lord—
Meet and announce to one another their
Auspicious and astounding destinies,
And those of their forthcoming progeny.
None knew so early, as did John, man's Saviour.
For e'en preceding his own natural birth—
Whilst yet an inmate of his mother's womb—
He fully testified his recognition
Of man's Deliverer from the wrath to come—
(God's Spirit bearing witness to the fact—)
And glorified the Hope of Israel;—
Leaping therein, for joy, on being ushered,
For the first time, into Immanuel's presence,
The presence of the Lord of life and glory—
Although, 'in substance,' at that hour, 'unperfect,'
And imperceptible to mortal sense;—
Attesting thus, with irresistible force
The godhead of the Holy Thing then carried
In Mary's womb, and by anticipation,
Uttering the cry—'Behold the Lamb of God
Who the world's sin takes utterly away!'—
So early had the Spirit brooded o'er
His fallen, sin-diseased humanity,

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That 'twas the instinct of his heaven-born
nature—
(The spiritual nativity, from above,
Preceding in his case, the natural birth—)
Long ere the light of day dawned on his vision,
To identify the Saviour of the world—
The object of desire to all Earth's nations—
Ere his ostensible entrance on Time's stage—
And whilst in manhood's embryo, like himself—
And to rejoice in Jesus his Redeemer.
'What!'—finite human reason will exclaim—
'Humanity, in its incipient stage
Of being, and ere born into the world,
Possessed of consciousness and reasoning
power;—
The vivid consciousness of things and persons
Around it, and intelligent perception
Of spiritual and heavenly mysteries—
Of Godhead domiciled in human flesh,
And other wonders of divine salvation?
Dare'st thou assert 'twas the babe's consciousness
Of his great Saviour's presence close beside him,
That made him leap for joy in Elizabeth's
womb;—
That there was added to this consciousness,

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A supernatural knowledge of his Lord's
Embodiment in human flesh and blood,
The purpose of His embassy to Earth,
And of the mighty part he was, himself,
To act, in the grand drama of Redemption?
Irrational, and daring supposition!
Unworthy of the credence of sane minds!'
'Unthinking mortal! thus to gauge God's power—
To dream of measuring Heaven's almightiness
By the brief sounding-line of human judgment,
And boldly to pronounce on its exploits—
(Exploits revealed in God's unerring word)
The verdict—'true; and worthy of belief;'
Or 'fabulous; and of man's faith unworthy'—
To circumscribe the capabilities
Of God's creative might within the range
Of man's conceptions of the possible
To Him, with whom nought is impossible!
Is it an outrage, then, to human reason,
To think that He, who from inanimate stones,
Can raise up children unto Abraham,
Or make them rapturously shout 'Hosannah!
To David's son, in God's dread name who cometh!'
Should by the same illimitable power

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Enable babes still carried in the womb—
Babes, though unborn, yet quickened into life,
And with the Spirit of the Lord baptized—
To worship and adore Him consciously,
And with the faculties of intelligent being?—
That He can, in an instant, so develop
Man's spiritual system, attributes, and powers,
When lying latent in his germ condition,
As to evoke therefrom adoring praise
And glory to Himself, and fill with rapture
The spirit of the unborn worshipper,
And with like quickness cause it to relapse
Into its *natural* unconsciousness,
And pristine void of reason, and emotion?'

The prophet of the Highest having come
Into the world, and passed through infancy,
Childhood, and youth, and reached incipient manhood,
He, like the august, and wondrous personage,
Whose coming kingdom 'twas his task to announce,
And Earth prepare for His stupendous mission,
Is borne away, by a celestial impulse,
Into the wild, inhospitable desert,

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Until his shewing unto Israel.
His raiment was of camel's hair; his loins
Were with a leathern girdle circled round.
His sustenance was locusts and wild honey.
Ferocious beasts crouched, harmless, at his feet;
Nor of them had the prophet any fear;
If either were the subject of that torment,
It was the wild beast, not the sainted man.
Though treading oft the adder 'neath his feet,
He therefrom never suffered any harm.
With venemous reptiles and all savage beasts,
He was in league of peace and amity.
A special instinct in the Bees, by Heaven's
Kind providence implanted, made them swarm
Near his abode, and minister to his wants
Abundantly by the sweet aliment
It is their nature, for man's use, to yield;
Whilst locust trees, though not indigenous
To that austere and rugged wilderness,
Flourished as they had never done elsewhere,
And with their pure and nourishing farina,
Conjoined with honey, amply fed the Seer.
There, by a heavenly and omniscient Teacher,
Day after day the Saint was visited,
And in Redemption's mysteries well schooled.

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'Neath the tuition of that all-wise One,
He, equally as the vilest of mankind,
Was caused to see and feel his perishing
And lost condition, as a fallen son
Of Adam, and his absolute need of Him—
Whose harbinger to a lost world he was—
As his omnipotent and only Saviour.
Thus, knowing by his personal experience,
The magnitude of the deliverance
Comprised in Christ's salvation, and the vast
Beatitudes and joys thereon attendant,
The holy Anchorite was duly fitted
In heart and mind, in boldness, zeal, and cour-
age,
To enter on his sacred embassy
As a rebuker of ungodliness,
And a stern reformer of Jeshurun's morals;
Against the nation's vices to protest
And single-handed, and alone, to oppose
And wage relentless warfare with the guile,
Hypocrisy, and pride of Pharisee,
And the dire unbelief of Sadducee.
Prepared now fully, by long separation
From the society of godless men,
By desert-hardships, and Jehovah's teachings,

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For the crusade against abounding evil
Assigned to him by heavenly decree,
And Israel to make ready for the Lord—
Now on the eve of His epiphany,
As their long-promised, long-expected Shiloh,
To whom, as by their ancestor foretold,
The gathering of the people was to be—
He quits the wilderness, crying aloud
To all around him wheresoe'er he went—
Like Jonah in the streets of Nineveh—
'Repent ye, for Heaven's kingdom is at hand!'
Coming to Jordan a vast multitude
Gathered around him to be there baptized
By him, and made confession of their sins.
'Mongst these were many of the Pharisees,
And Sadducees—a class of Israelites,
Looked up to, with much reverence and dread,
By all the common people, and to these
Their word was law, their smiles and favour, sunshine,
Their frown and disapproval, dire disaster.
These men being deemed th' exponents of the power
And the proprieties of social life,
In Judah, none dared thwart their purposes,

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Run counter to their prejudice, or bias,
Or venture to exclaim—'What doest thou?'
Much less to censure and condemn their deeds,
Or spirit. But in John the Baptist, such
Awoke no terror; nor, in his esteem,
Had any claims to his respect or favour;
Not even of his tolerance counted he
Them worthy. He whom not ferocious beasts,—
The hungry lion roaring for his prey,
Or the still fierecer and more treacherous
tiger,—
Had power to intimidate and alarm,
Looked on this proud, pretentious class of men—
Despite those attributes of social might
Which by conventional sanction they possessed
And exercised—ofttimes to Israel's bane—
Not only without fear or perturbation,
But with derision, scorn, and deep disgust.
On them, with voice stentorian he broke forth,—
As he discerned them 'mongst the candidates
For the baptismal rite,—in withering
Invective, and sarcastic questioning,
And exhortation stern;—saluting them,
'Fell brood of vipers! who hath warned you
To flee from the eternal wrath of God?

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From hence bring forth fruits for repentance
meet;
And think no more to say within yourselves,
We Abraham for our progenitor have,
For God is able even of these stones
To raise up children unto Abraham.
To the tree's root is judgment's axe now laid,
And therefore every tree which brings not
forth
Good fruit is hewn down and into the fire
Is cast. With water I indeed baptize
Unto repentance, but there cometh after me
One mightier than I, to bear whose shoes
I am not worthy. You shall he baptize
With the Eternal Spirit and with fire;
Whose fan is in his hand, and he will purge
Throughly his floor, and gather into his
Garner the wheat, but with unquenchable fire
The chaff will burn up.' Then from Galilee
To Jordan, unto John, to be baptized
Of him, Jesus of Nazareth, arrives.
But John forbade him, saying 'I have need
To be baptized of Thee, and comest Thou
To me?' But Jesus answering said to him,
'To be so suffer it, for thus it doth

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Become us to fulfil all righteousness.'
Therefore he suffered him. When Jesus was
Baptized, he went up straightway from the water,
And lo! the heavens were opened unto him,
And John beheld the Holy Spirit, like
A dove, descending and remaining on him.
Next day John stood, and two of his disciples,
And seeing Jesus as he walked, exclaimed,
'Behold the Lamb of God! who takes away
The world's sin.' Nought of *doubt* is here displayed,
As to the personal identity
Of the Messiah of earth's expectations—
Of the world's Saviour and Deliverer—
Of the long looked-for Hope of Israel,
And realizer of that nation's hopes—
With Him he now sees walking in their midst;
Whom, but the day before, he had baptized,
When he, a voice from heaven heard, saying 'This
Is my loved Son, with whom I am well pleased.'
Yet how unstable, and how weak the faith
Of e'en the most believing of our race,
When subjected to some severe ordeal!—
As is the prophet's when next brought before us,

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In the inspired and evangelic record,
When in the prison of the tyrant Herod
He lies immured and doomed to martyrdom.
But mark the aspect he there first presents;—
His undisturbed repose and fortitude;
His perfect resignation to his fate—
To durance, and all its attendant ills,
But chiefly to his being thus debarred
Free intercourse with his associates,
And the disciples who so deeply loved,
Revered, and deemed it a vast privilege
To follow him, and listen to his teachings;
To deprivation of all fellowship
With every order of the human race,
Save that of ruthless and revolting gaolers,
And other inmates of his prison-house;
All share in the activities of life;
All power of doing good to his compatriots,
Or benefitting ought mankind at large.
Nor fail, ere finishing the contemplation,
To mark the prophet's utter disregard of,
Or rather glorying in,—since 'tis for truth's
Sake, that he thus is suffering shame and thrall,—
The dire reproach and ignominiousness

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Of being shut up in an earthly prison.
Midst all these terrible calamities
He had displayed the utmost fortitude
And perfect equanimity of mind,
And to them all had ever shown himself
Fully and unrepiningly resigned.
But these heroic qualities of mind
And soul, and others of a kindred nature,
Which had so marvellously been sustained,
(By heavenly grace vouchsafed him from above)
Till then, throughout his dire incarceration,
Seemed, at one time, to have abandoned him.
Rising from his rude couch, whereon he had
Been lying in a restless state of mind,
And body, tossing to and fro—on one
Side now recumbent, and now on another—
He paces up and down his narrow cell,
And half-aloud, half mentally, and mute,
Thus gives expression to his self-communings,
And the misgivings in his soul engendered.
'Why am I here? What have I done to merit
The thrall and stigma of imprisonment,
The isolation from my fellow men
And the sweet interchange of human friendship,
And from all that which makes life here on earth

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A state to be esteemed and prized by mortals—
A useful, honourable, happy state—
Wherein this fell captivity involves me?
Is this the recompense for faithfulness
In executing a celestial mission;
For jealousy for the Almighty's honour;
And for the honour of his moral law;
And for remonstrance with its bold transgressors;
For just rebuke of impious delinquents
Who add to their transgression's heinousness,
By being occupants of earthly thrones,—
The wielders of a sublunary sceptre—
Their guilt's partakers being imperial also—
Thus rendering their example's influence
More weighty and potential far, for evil;—
All-righteous heaven! is such, indeed, the guerdon
That envoys so commissioned from above,
So acting, must expect to realize?
Of my captivity *He* must have heard;
Nay being himself omniscient, he needs not
That tidings of my thraldom should be borne
To Him, by any of the sons of men.
He *must* be fully cognizant thereof.
Wherefore, then, am I left to linger here

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In this ignoble state of isolation,
Unsuccoured and unvisited by Him ?
Why fails He to display His power divine,
And, manumitting me from this dire thraldom,
Empower me to resume my privileged task
Of disciplining human souls for his
Blest kingdom ? But is He in very deed
The true Messiah ? Have I been deceived ?
Am I the victim of a dire delusion ?
Have I been duped by a disordered fancy ?
Is all that has transpired respecting him—
All that my retrospection—whether real
Or fanciful—now causes to appear
Before me, as events and scenes, and things,
By personal observation verified—
Phantasmal merely, or if not phantasmal,
Occurrences that have been caused to be
Enacted as a masterly device
Of Satan, the great enemy of souls ?
What ! canst thou dare, my soul, thus entertain
Doubts of the actuality of things,
Whereof thou hast, till late, been an eye-witness
Concerning Jesus—nay, in which thou hast
Thyself so prominent an actor been ?
Shame ! shame ! on thee my coward heart—
coward

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Not through the fear of mortal—God forbid !
Nor through abhorrence of this prison thraldom—
Or dread of aught it might eventuate in—
But in thus yielding to fell unbelief's
Ensnaring, diabolical suggestions—
Despite the evidence of thine own senses.
What ! I, who heard a voice from heaven—from God
The Father, saying 'He on whom thou seest
A dove from heaven descending and alighting—
The same is my beloved Son. Hear him !'
I, John, who had so often held him up
To human admiration, and declared
To be the Lamb of God, who takes our sins away—
To doubt, one instant, his Messiahship !
Avaunt the unholy, the unworthy thought!
And yet e'en now, am I but half convinced !
O torture! to be thus tossed on the sea,
Of doubt, perplexity, and unbelief!
Yes ! unbelief—the truth must be avowed !
Most inexcusable—most guilty unbelief !—
Great God of Israel !—hasten to my rescue !
Deliver me from this uncertainty

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I do implore Thee! Is he?—is this Jesus
Of Nazareth—the Christ—*thy* Christ? Is he,
In very deed, the Christ of God—thine own
Beloved Son—the Saviour of the world?
I cannot—will not, longer bear this torture—
But will at once despatch to the Lord Jesus
A trusty messenger to ask him, in
My name, if he is verily the Messiah—
Or must we for another Saviour look.
The bearer of this question, who was one
Of John's disciples, having realized
His errand, to the Baptist soon returned,
Bearing an answer that effectually
Removed all passing and distressing doubts
Respecting Christ's Messiahship and mission.
That his beloved and much esteemed forerunner,
Might have his spirit solaced, and from all
Misgiving and perplexity relieved—
When matters so momentous were at stake,
Affecting Israel and the world at large—
Jesus, without delay, despatched to him
This verbal testimony of himself,
Concerning his pretentions and true aims—
'Go and tell John, again, those things which
ye

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Do see and hear;—the blind receive their sight;
Lepers are cleansed; the lame walk; the deaf hear;
The dead are raised up; and to the poor
The gospel 's preached; and greatly blessed that man
Who not offended is in me?' Enough!
The prophet needs no stronger evidence
That Jesus is indeed the very Christ.
John fully certified of that great truth,
Is ready now for all emergencies.
Presentiment of his forthcoming doom
Predominating in his reveries,
Calmly he contemplates heaven's wise decree—
Though deemed a fate so adverse, by all else.
The prospect of approaching martyrdom
No terrors and no anguish has for him,
But rather soul-enrapturing charms and fascinations.
The honour and the glory seem too great,
In his esteem, for any son of Adam,
That Truth—celestial Truth—should deign demand
That mortal's death, who first proclaimed the coming

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Of its beneficent kingdom in the world,
In the ostensible ministry and deeds
Of Him who is Truth's author, power, and essence—
As a befitting and potential witness
To its ineffable purity of aim,
Hostility to human wickedness,
And condemnation of its hardened doers.
Like Simeon he was ready to exclaim,
'Now lettest thou thy servant, Lord, depart;
Mine eyes have seen, and likewise, ears have heard
The matchless wonders of thy great salvation!'
And now the dire catastrophe draws near,
Which ends, for ever John's career on earth.
Herod the Tetrarch celebrates his birth-day;
When the fair daughter of Herodias
Dances before, and pleases well that Ruler.
Grateful for such enjoyment Herod yearns
To recompense this panderer to his love
Of earthly gaieties and carnal joys;
And with the costliess guerdon which her pride,
Ambition, vanity, or sordidness,
Might prompt her to desire, he promises
To enrich her. 'Ask,' said Herod, 'whatsoe'er

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Thou wilt, and thy petition shall be granted'—
The same confirming with a solemn oath.
She, being by her mother so instructed,
Demanded that the head of John the Baptist,
Should, in a charger be presented her.
The King was sorry, ne'ertheless for his
Oath's sake, and for the sake of those who sat
At meat with him, he issued his command
That the great prophet's head be given her.
Awhile ere this, as John lay pondering
His dire inaction and ignoble thrall—
Shut out from observation, as he was,
Of the advancement of that blessed kingdom
It had been his especial embassy
To herald to the seed of Israel;
And of all active service for his Lord,
And the promotion of His cause—a cause
So much loved and esteemed by him—deprived,
A glorious apparition suddenly
Before him stood and gazed beningly on him.
Amazed, and dazzled by the spectacle,
And wondering at its nature, and true import,
The Seer lay riveted to his bed of straw,
Experiencing, for the first time, in life,
Emotions verging on alarm and dread.

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The which perceiving, the bright visitant
Looked lovingly upon him and exclaimed
'Hail! thou that highly favoured art, 'mongst
men!
Hail! Hail! illustrious captive! Fear thou not.
For there is nought in Heaven or on Earth,
That thou needst view with fear or apprehen-
sion.
Calmly behold me, and my message hear.
In me you see the angel Gabriel.
As to thy Father I foretold thy birth,
So to his son I now prognosticate,
By the command of Heaven's almighty lord,
Thy rapidly approaching dissolution.
Thou shrinkest not, I see, at my prediction;
Contrariwise, thy countenance, I perceive,
Is radiant with delight and holy joy.
I marvel at the issue of my message,
Yet am most glad to witness sight so rare,
And thee congratulate as the possessor
Of that strong faith and far-extending vision—
That prelibation of the destiny
Awaiting thee in the celestial realms,
Which could alone have so sustained the soul
And filled it with such rapture at the tidings

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Of being thus suddenly summoned to leave
  Earth,
Whilst in the prime of manhood's life and
  vigour,
And at the prospect of encountering,
So soon, the mysteries of the unseen world.
To thee the Godhead has adjudged the glory
Of being the first martyr in the new—
The gospel dispensation of heaven's grace—
The only mortal in the personal reign
Of the Messiah, in this his primal advent,
To Earth, who will with his life's blood confirm
His testimony to the truth of God.
And what so fitting, as that he whom Heaven
Appointed to be Jesus Christ's forerunner
In his career of mercy, grace, and truth,
On Earth, should likewise be his Heaven-decreed
Precursor, by a bloody winding up
Of his accredited mission in this world,
And mode of exit from terrestrial life
To the bliss and glories of eternity?—
That Holy One whom thou hast heralded here
Below, being likewise destined to accomplish
His transit from this world to the right hand
Of the Eternal Majesty, on high,

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By a like tragic, sanguinary fate.
Ere many hours have passed we meet again
Before God's throne in the bright realms on high,
And in the presence of the King Eternal.
Till then, Farewell! Heaven give thee grace to bear
The ceremonials of thine installation
As one of Martyrdom's most noble knights.
I doubt not but thou wilt right-royally
Demean thyself, when the appointed usher—
Stern and repulsive though his aspect be—
Approaches thee to place upon thine head
The martyr's crown and lead thee to the presence
Of the celestial Sovereign of that Order.'

The mandate for the Seer's decapitation
Was promptly realized, and the severed head
Placed on a charger, then forthwith conveyed
To the palace of the royal homicide,
And there presented as a meet oblation
To the *tender*, *gentle*, *chaste*, and *delicate*
Herodias. Truly an attractive sight,
Was this, to a *discrete* and *virtuous* maiden,
Like that imperial favourite and charmer!—
A peerless bijou!—meriting the chief place

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Amongst the damsel's choicest jewelry ;—
Gift worthy of a mighty monarch's favour !
Was ever sacrifice so rare and costly
Offered by Satan to his favourite Muse ?—
That Terpsichore, who does his baleful work
On earth—his soul-destroying work—so well,
So zealously ;—though *here* the body only
Of the illustrious victim, fell a prey
To his malignant and blood-thirsty schemes.
In this unique transaction of court life—
The damsel's *modest*, *reasonable* prayer,
And its prompt answer by the *noble* King
How deep and graceful was the homage paid
To social virtue and propriety !
We marvel what will be the future fate
Of that incomparable souvenir.
To what use will the fair Herodias
Appropriate the novel offering ?
Will she assign to it the place of honour
Amongst those precious and resplendent gems
Wherewith, on state occasions, she adorns
Her captivating and immaculate person ?
Or will she, as a frontlet, have her brows
Embellished with the unwonted ornament ?
Or on her bosom wear it, as a brooch ?

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Or, as a rare and gorgeous stomacher,
Have it suspended from her graceful neck
By massively-linked chains of Ophir's gold ?
How captivating to the female gaze !
How perfectly in harmony with all
That delicacy, that fastidiousness
Of taste, wherewith are joined our thoughts of woman—
Especially in her pure maiden state !
Shall it be placed among the glittering treasures
Of her magnificent regalia,
As Empress of the charms of graceful movement ;
Where are enshrined the multifarious trophies
Of her dire victories o'er human hearts,
And the insignia of her potent sway
In the dominions of unbridled passion ;—
Amongst the proud memorials of her prowess
In female-fascination's baleful war
With human self-command and moral virtue ?—
A warfare wherein one had to her power
And spells surrendered, and been taken captive,
Who was himself a sceptre-wielder o'er
A portion of the human kind—and they
The most imperial race beneath the Sun—

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A nation of heaven-diademed men and women—
The denizen's of Israel's commonwealth—
Having, as God's especial favourites,
A royalty peculiarly their own,—
A royalty conferred on them by Him
Who is the King of Kings and Lord of Lords—
A kingship which all Israel's sons can boast,
With truth, as their divine inheritance.

Then the bereaved and spririt-crushed disciples
Of this first-martyr in the christian age,
Took up the headless body of their chief,
And buried it. To whom now should they go
For succour, sympathy, and consolation—
To whom unburden their o'erwhelming grief
And for their spirits' lacerated wounds
From whom implore a soothing, healing balm,
But their beloved leader's heavenly Bridegroom ?
For who with these bereaved, disconsolate ones
Could sympathise so tenderly, as He ?
Who soothe, console, and succour them like Him ?
They therefore went and told their woes to Jesus.

W. Cann, Printer, 10, Duke Street, Plymouth.

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EXETER CATHEDRAL

AND

KINDRED FANES

THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM.

A POEM.

PLYMOUTH:
W. CANN, PRINTER, 10, DUKE STREET.

1871.

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EXETER CATHEDRAL

AND

KINDRED FANES

THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM.

"RELIGION petrified." Alas! alas!—
Fair shrines—how truly have ye thus
been named,
By one of Earth's most notable observers.*
But though thy famed Baptizer has so called you,
Through fervent admiration of your charms—
Your solemn, sacred, awe-inspiriug aspect—
And to denote, thereby, how rife she deems
The grandeur, beauty, and magnificence
Peculiar to your edificial order,
Of piety embodied in things lifeless;
Yet are the very terms applied to express
The admirer's ravishment and eulogy,
Such as best serve to seal your condemnation—
Since these but prove how sadly ye have failed

* A distinguished writer, in our own age.

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To realize the end of your erection,
As temples dedicated to God's glory,
As nurseries of spiritual religion,
As scenes of earnest gospel ministry,
And of a truly-christian public worship.
Those outward structural beauties which have
  won
From your admirers their ambiguous plaudit,
Attest how cold and barren is the sap
Which circulates throughout your stately
  frames—
Expressing eloquently, as they do,
Your spiritually-petrified condition ;
The icicle-like gothic efflorescence
Which makes so picturesque your outward
  aspect,
Being, alas ! in perfect harmony
With the frigidity that reigns within you ;
The stately, cold, and formal sacred rites
Diurnally observed in your interior.
The incense of the worship therein offered,—
So long as heaven is shut out of sight
By the Fane's lofty overarching roof,—
Has power to rise and reach, nay, e'en to pene-
  trate
That canopy, though massive in its structure,

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But when it passes through that covering
Into the mighty vestibule of Heaven—
The empyrean's infinite expanse—
Finding so little there, kin to itself—
Born, as it has been, of the formulas
Of temple-service, with but scarce a spark
Of soul-devotion animating it—
It feebly soars a space towards the Skies,
But looking upwards, and encountering there,
The searching, and all-piercing gaze of Him
Who recognizes only, as true worship,
The sacrifice of broken, contrite hearts—
Of hearts believing unto righteousness—
Declaring, as in His blest word, He does,
That all such, and none else besides, on earth,
Can worship Him in spirit and in truth—
Feels, less and less, its power of ascent,
And, ere long, stops in its excelsior course—
Fearing, that if it were brought face to face,
With the more spiritual worship of the Heavens,
It might be counted an intruder there,—
Or fail, at least, to meet a hearty welcome.
Conscious of inability to shed
Abroad an odour through the eternal courts
That would be deemed acceptable and fragrant,
And apprehensive that its presence there

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Might prove offensive and intolerable,
It speedily its ærial flight retraces,
And towards earth descending hovers o'er
The sanctuary whence it took its rise.
Then anxious to atone for its short-comings,
And utter non-congeniality
With spiritual, divine, and heavenly things,
It aims to impart, as far as possible,
To things material and inanimate,
An air of sacredness and piety,
But chiefly to the pile wherein it had
Its birth—the arena of its feeble life
And influence for good o'er human souls,—
Structures wherein there is so dire a lack
Of true Religion's spirit, fire, and action.
Blending itself with objects that are more
In unison with its terrestrial nature—
E'en with the temple's massive elements,
And architectural adornments—
Essaying to incorporate therein
What little sanctity it has to boast of,
So as to give it somewhat of the semblance
Of worship to the Maker of all things—
Of adoration to the dread Supreme—
The very stones and mortar of the fabric
Wherein it had its origin, and sphere

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Of ritual service, utterance, and emotion,
Aspiring with Devotion's guise to clothe.
And yet,—in outward beauty, O how perfect,
Are these high courts of England's state religion!—
Surpassing in magnificence and grace
All other structures, sacred or profane.
Despite their evangelical defection,
Their utter barrenness of spiritual good,
Their recreancy to momentous trusts
Committed to them by all-gracious Heaven,
They always have been, and will ever be,
So long as things terrestrial shall endure,
The architectural glories of the realm.
Equal in edificial charms and grandeur,
To any of these marvellous creations,
Which so enrich and deck our native land,
The minster of Devonia's capital
May, without fear of gainsay, be pronounced.
Ave!—majestic, venerable pile!
Boast of Devonians—churchmen and dissenters—
Who, in the least, admire the picturesque,
The stately, graceful, grand, and beautiful!
But though the pleasure wherewith God's true saints

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On earth, behold thee with the natural eye—
As lovers of the grand and beautiful,
Both in the works of nature and of art—
Is,—by reflection on the little good
To man, or glory to the Omnipotent,
Whereof thou hast been hitherto productive—
So terribly alloyed, and well nigh quenched,
Thou still canst boast of one redeeming feature
Wherein is found some little compensation
For other thy defections and short comings.
Pictorially, it is within thy power
To vividly suggest important thoughts
Connected with the economy of Grace
To many a rapt gazer on thy structure.
For preached, or not, by others in thy midst,
Thou art thyself, when viewed by thoughtful minds—
Minds that have been instructed in God's word
And in its spiritual import duly versed,
A powerful reminder of its truths.
Yes! mighty shrine—we say thou art, thyself,
An eloquent and potent homilist—
Since in one vast and stony tableau, thou
Picturest forth in vivid colouring
Some weighty things disclosed to mortal view
In Revelation's all-momentous tome.

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One salient truth therein, by thee proclaimed,
Symbollically, is that shadowed forth
By thine obscure and insignificant rise
In a far distant epoch of the past;
The many ages that o'er thee have rolled
'Twixt thine initial and completed state,
And the magnificence and beauty thou
This day displayest to the gaze of man.
Of thee, the question might have well been asked—
As it was asked concerning Jacob (not
The father of the Israelitish race,
But his divine and heavenly Antitype)
'How shalt thou rise, seeing thou art so small,
So poor, so mean, so humble, so obscure?'
And thus, thine inconsiderable source,
Thy subsequent career, and wondrous growth,
Till thou hadst reached thy present huge dimensions,
Imposing altitude and stateliness,
Concur to image forth to us, in type
And figure, some stupendous verities
Pertaining to salvation and its author,
And those who follow in his glorious train.
With singular significance and power
Thine annals point to, and exemplify

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The mean, obscure, and humble origin
Of that divine and everlasting kingdom
Decreed eventually to overspread
The seen and unseen universe of God.
The mighty monarch of that spiritual empire—
Christ—from a Mary took his earthly rise.
Thy rise, *in name*, was its true counterpart—
Since from a small and sacred shrine, so called,
In honour of, and to perpetuate
The memory of his virgin source, thou sprangst
Thus far—though but in miniature proportions—
The earthly shadow faithfully depicts
The rise, and progress, and developed grandeur,
Of the divine and everlasting substance.
But oh! what sublunary edifice
Can possibly supply a fitting type
Of that mysterious and supernal Stone,
Whereof in Daniel's prophecy we read,
As being cut without hands from the mountain—
The mountain of Jehovah's grace and love—
Which by its self-inherent power of growth
Will so increase in grandeur and in vastness,
As finally to overspread the earth?
A symbol also, art thou of all those
Who are the true and spiritual progeny
Of that celestial and almighty Jacob,

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Who out of nature's quarry have been hewn,
By God's grace—and though rough and rude,
In their pristine condition, have been squared
And polished, and made every one of them
A living stone—perfect in moral beauty ;—
Of those, who in their individual state,
Are integral portions of Jehovah's temple—
Christ being himself the corner stone thereof—
And in the aggregate will constitute
That grandest and most glorious of all structures
In heaven above, or on the earth beneath—
The mystic body of Immanuel—
The fulness of that holy, infinite,
And everlasting One, who filleth all in all !

How fraught with interest the retrospect
Of thy slow growth and varied structural phases,
Since that far distant period of the past,
When near the spacious site thou occupiest,
Stood thy primeval representative—
A modest Saxon house of prayer and praise !
How many decades—nay, e'en centuries
Of time passed o'er thee, ere thy stately fabric
Attained its culminating point of beauty,
And thy last builder and embellisher

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Could say with satisfaction—'it is finished!'
Four hundred years—and some say even five—
Had human skill and labour been employed
In thine erection, ere was realized
That edificial harmony and grandeur
So rife in thine exterior and interior—
Entitling thee to take exalted rank
'Mongst the chief triumphs of artistic skill.
Long and illustrious is the roll of those
Prelatic hierarchs who have been installed,
Since then, within thy walls, and set apart
To their wide-ruling and high office—or
For good or ill; for some have much abused
Its sacred and beneficent designs,
By aiding and promoting Rome's fell aims;
By joining in her spiritual harlotry;
And by fierce hatred of a purer faith,
And of its true and faithful votaries.
Eight centuries and twenty years have passed,
Since Edward—the then reigning potentate—
Attended by his consort Editha,
Placed on the head of Exeter's first Bishop—
Leofricus—(who to prelatic functions,
Joined those of England's Lord High Chancellor)
The mitre, and inaugurated him

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Into his lofty sacerdotal post;—
Rare honour!—if indeed e'er paralleled—
For Albion's monarch thus to crown a prelate,
And to himself induct him into office.
Sixty—till now—those diocesans numbered;
And worthy, as may some of them have been,
To occupy their elevated station
And exercise its sacred offices,
We doubt if any 'mongst that mitred host,
From the court-favourite, Leofricus,
Down to the late departed Henry Philpotts,
(Who, like that earliest of his predecessors,
Was once, in England's senate-chamber, potent,
And thus the widely-separate extremes
Of the long register whereon they both
Had stood, were singularly caused to meet)
Surpassed in moral worth, in mental power,
And fitness for his high and holy functions,
The erudite and genial Frederick Temple.
Nor think we, that of those his spiritual peers,
One could be cited who had sympathized
With, more intensely, or evinced a more
Benevolent, and e'en fraternal spirit,
'Twards all the members of the human race
Of every class—distinguished and obscure,

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Illiterate and learned, rich and poor ; —
Or who had yearned more deeply for the culture
And due unfolding of those faculties,
Moral and intellectual, wherewith
The great Creator has endowed our race.
But what is better,—more auspicious far,
More in accordance with his hallowed charge,
More promissory of great spiritual good
And blessing to this wide-spread diocese,—
He has not, since his advent to the See,
Shunned to declare the counsels of Jehovah—
His purpose to save fallen, sinful man,
Alone through faith in his beloved Son.
Whate'er his failings may have been elsewhere—
Whereof all England has heard much of late—
He, to Exonians, has preached Christ the Lord,
Avowed belief in the divinity
Of Jesus the immaculate Lamb of God,
And with much eloquence exhibited,
To the observance of his auditors,
The saving virtues of the cross of Christ—
Or rather Him who died thereon and made
Complete atonement for the sinner's guilt,
By that one offering of himself to God.
For this, we deem the Bishop merits welcome,

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And in such blessed work bid him God speed.
We fain would hope—Heaven grant that hope's
fruition !—
The auspicious hour, yea, the set time is come,
To favour this extensive diocese.
God give him wisdom and abundant grace,
To feel the burden of solicitude
For the salvation of immortal souls;
To yearn for their deliverance from Hell,
And that they may attain eternal life;
To preach, in all its purity and fulness,
The wondrous gospel of redeeming love,
And to such sowing of the word of life
Grant a vast harvest, to His praise and glory,
And to the weal and happiness of man!

We look not for perfection in the prelates
Of a state-founded, state supported Church—
Nor in the confraternity, at large,
Of such as are ordained by earthly powers—
(Men unregenerated, in the mass,—
Rulers, perhaps, as godless as are those
They nominate) to serve in holy things.
How utterly at variance with God's word !—
At variance with the spirit and the rules—

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Therein implied, if not expressly given—
For the organization of a church,
And the election from amongst its members—
The bona-fide members of Christ's body—
Of fitting men to minister in word
And doctrine to mankind—both saints and sinners;—
What desecration of that sacred office!—
And what more suited to defeat the ends
Of a Religion whose avowed design
Is to renew and sanctify men's souls
And fit them for a heavenly, sinless state,—
For the blest presence of the King immortal,
In the celestial and eternal realms,
Of angels, and the spirits of just men
Made perfect—than the vicious course, long practised,
Of separating irreligious youth
To the supernal order of the priesthood—
(Improperly so called—since none are priests
Save the believing children of Jehovah—
Be they or laymen or God's ministers—
E'en Christ himself—our great High Priest,
The Son of God—was not a priest, on earth,
The sphere of his blest sacerdotal functions

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Being the right hand of the Majesty, on high,
Nor could he ever have been such, below,
By any moral possibility,
Since he was utterly disqualified
To exercise the office of a Priest,
And Intercessor, in behalf of man,
Until his wondrous mission to this world
Was ended, and Redemption's work achieved,
By his decease and resurrection thence.)
Of setting thus apart, vain juveniles,
Or those who have attained to early manhood,
To offices so sacred and momentous!
The whole ecclesial system of the State
Is false and rotten—e'en from first to last.
To reason, common sense, propriety,
How gross the outrage that has thus been offered—
Both in the choice and training of the men
Designed as the contenders of the faith,
The promulgators of Redemption's tidings,
The spiritual guardians, counsellors, and guides
Of favoured Britain's teeming progeny—
Of beings destined or to dwell, and reign
In endless bliss and glory in the heavens,
Or writhe, despair, and agonize in Hell—

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According as the gospel of God's grace
Is faithfully presented to their view,
With earnestness on their acceptance urged
And its rich offers cordially embraced—
Or, on the other hand, concealed from them,
Or mixed with baleful, soul-destroying error,—
Whilst those entrusted to the pastoral care
Of all such homicidal overseers,
Encounter fearful risks of perishing
Through lack of knowledge of God's great salvation,
Heretical instruction, bad example,
Or dire neglect of clerical advisers
Responsible to Heaven for the due culture
And spiritual enlightenment of their flocks.
But mark the training, moral and scholastic,
Of all such candidates for holy orders—
And their authority to act, on earth,
As stewards of the mysteries of God—
To preach to men the everlasting gospel—
To watch for souls as those who have to give
Account, at the tribunal seat of Heaven—
And minister to their spiritual wants on earth—
And we shall wonder not, nor feel surprised
That the great multitude of England's clergy

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Are unconverted and unsanctified men,
So worldly, and unsafe as spiritual guides,
And that so few who hear them are awakened,
Born of the Spirit, and renewed, and saved.
To qualify them for their lofty office
And the transcendent all-important functions,
Devolving on them as God's ministers,
And spiritual legates to a fallen world,
They nurtured are in Universities
Presided o'er by worldly-minded men,
And taught by others, who, alas! are all,
Or most of them, as carnal as themselves.
There, though they have instructors by the thousand,
They find, alas! no truly spiritual fathers.
Nor are the Mentors at whose feet they sit—
Their spirits and their counsels both imbibing—
Filled and enlightened by the Holy Ghost—
Men who are masters in God's Israel.
Without renewal of their inner nature,—
As the essentially required basis,
In them, of mental culture and attainments—
Of systematical theology,
And of the holy and beneficent art
Of winning men's immortal souls to Christ,—

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They there matriculate, there prosecute
Their secular studies and the solemn work
Of preparation for the ministry.
They—having duly passed through an ordeal
Such as they there are called to undergo,
As the criterion of their perfect fitness
To act as stewards of God's mysteries,—
Go forth in quest of fields of pastoral toil,
As under Shepherds of Christ's flock on earth—
Or rather to procure, through them, a fat,
Or a lean living, and a social status
In harmony with their terrestrial bias,
And aspiration for the world's esteem.
Having been schooled in the mere formulas
Of christianity and its vast aims—
In sanctuary service and prelection—
But having rarely had bestowed on them
Befitting preceptorial counsel, care,
And exhortation, touching their own souls'
Need of converting, sanctifying grace,
Their obligation to lead holy lives,
Moral and spiritual fitness for an office
So sacred, lofty, solemn, and momentous
As that wherein they purpose to devote
Their being, interests, aims, and influence

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Over the minds and destinies of others,
What can we look for from such votaries,
But totally blind leaders of the blind,
And, sometimes, in sheep's clothing, ravening wolves—
The baleful issue of whose ministrations—
However irreproachable the life—
Howe'er munificent the benefactions—
However plausible the utterances
And avowed objects of these man-made pastors,
Is the destruction, scattering, or worry
Of the poor flocks committed to their care.
But when they, in the course of time, have gained
Official station in some stately minster,
What a hot-bed of clerical ambition,
A sordid spirit, sacerdotal pride,
And cravings for still further exaltation,
Hast thou and other anglican Cathedrals
Oft proved to those who have at various times,
And in diversified grades of sacred office,
Within your precincts wide administered,
Been the much-envied occupants of stalls,
Or pulpits, or august prelatic thrones;—
Nay, e'en to many not thus privileged—

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Those clerical outsiders who can ne'er
Gaze on you, pace your naves, or stand within
Your choirs, in their imposing worship join,
And ponder clerical emoluments—
Whereof such things are potently suggestive—
Without indulging hopes that days may come
When these may possibly be theatres
Of services wherein they are themselves
To be subordinate, or leading actors,
And their long cherished yearnings realized.

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